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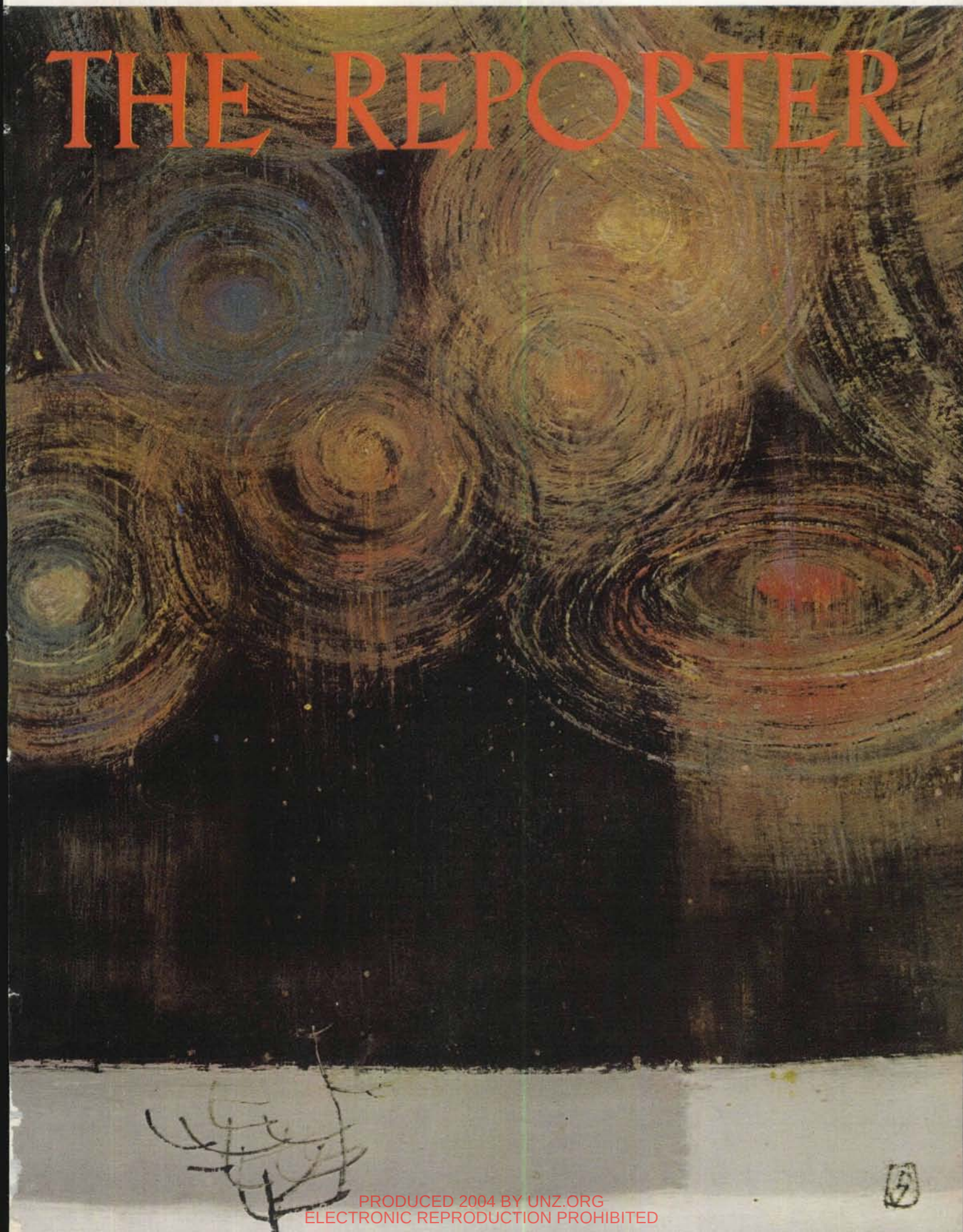
How the Government Buys Advice

THE REPORTER



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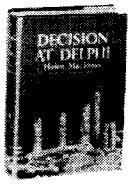

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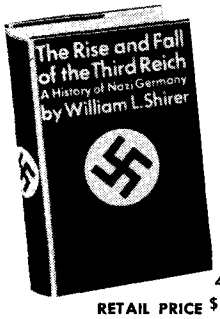

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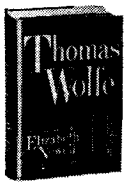

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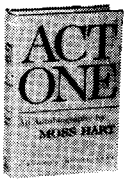

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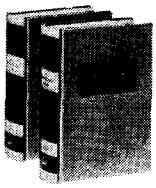

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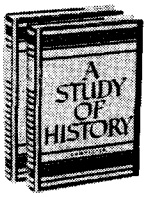

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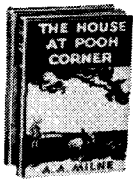

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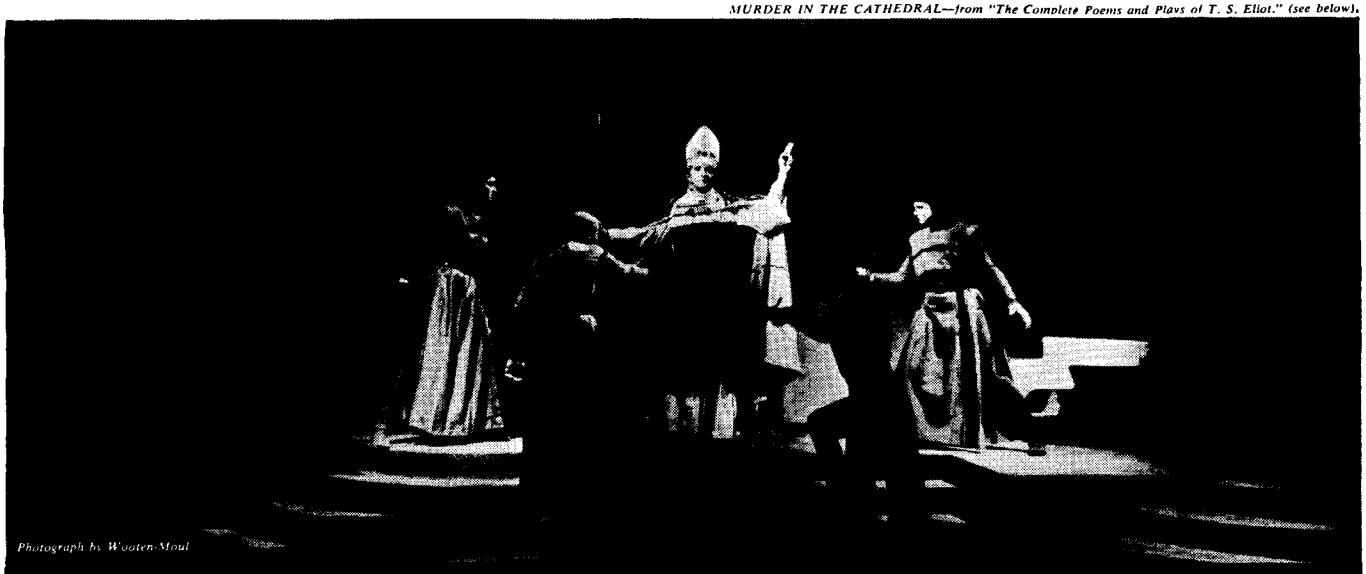

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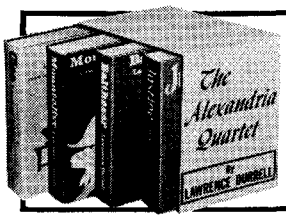

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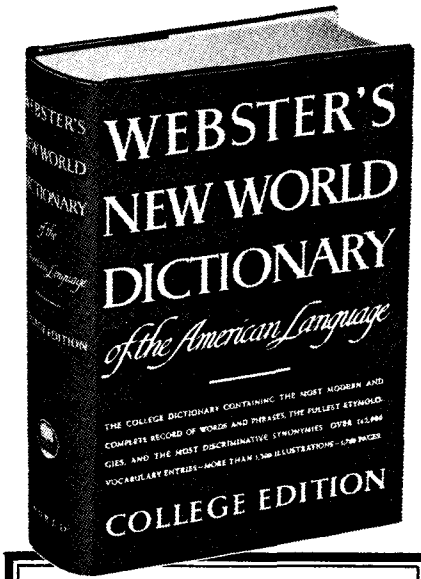

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IN HIS EDITORIAL, **Max Ascoli** takes the stand that no matter how dramatic and distressing the threats to the Congo may be or may become, it is the United Nations which is imperiled by and which must be defended against Russian attack. The question has been squarely put: "Whose U.N.?" Max Ascoli's answer is that the U.N. can belong to no one. It must serve the interests of no one nation but those of all the nations of the world.

Not long ago we printed an article entitled "The Affluent Professors," which explored what has been happening to the nation's college faculties as a result of the growing need in government and industry for specialized information and for the men who can provide it. In this issue **Edward L. Katzenbach, Jr.,** reports on the same situation from a different standpoint. The setting has shifted from the campus to the nation's capital, and where the first story described what our universities were in danger of losing, Mr. Katzenbach sets out to show what on balance the Federal government—or at least the Defense Department—is gaining. Mr. Katzenbach is himself a consultant to such organizations as the National Academy of Sciences and the Brookings Institution.

CHARLES DE GAULLE'S immense stature and power to inspire his countrymen were further demonstrated in the referendum on Algeria. Not even the Communists were entirely immune to the man's influence. Indeed, two French Communist leaders have been accused of softness toward de Gaulle. **Edmond Taylor,** our European correspondent, discusses the implications of the new disaffection for the French Left. . . . Secretary of Labor Arthur J. Goldberg has stated the matter bluntly: "We are in a full-fledged recession. I think it's time to say this and say it in no uncertain terms." **Sar A. Levitan** reviews the state of our chronic labor-surplus areas and discusses Senator Paul H. Douglas's Area Redevelopment bill, first introduced in 1955 and now, after hearings, revisions, and a Presidential veto during the last administration, restored to a top priority on the domestic agenda for the new Congress. Mr. Levitan is deputy executive director of the Presidential Railroads Commission. . . . **Niels Norlund** writes from Copenhagen, where he is on the staff of the *Berlingske Tidende,* about the troubles, domestic and foreign, of Prime Minister Viggo Kampmann. . . . Too often, looking at our neighbors to the south, we fail to see the trees for the forest. **Gladys Delmas,** an American free-lance writer living south of the border, writes about the differences and mistrust that divide the twenty republics of Latin America. . . . One does not immediately associate the Soviet Communist system with public-opinion polls. But last October, *Komsomolskaya Pravda* paused in its indoctrinational activities to take a sampling of what Muscovites thought about their standard of living. **Leon M. Herman** discusses the findings of this un-Marxist venture. Mr. Herman is a senior analyst with the Legislative Reference Service of the Library of Congress. He recently visited the Soviet Union under the auspices of the Committee for Economic Development, studying Russia's sources of economic growth.

Malcolm Cowley takes issue with the popular notion that although Ezra Pound's politics may be deplorable, his *Cantos* deserves a place among the greatest poems of modern times. Mr. Cowley's *Exile's Return: A Literary Odyssey of the 1920's* and his *The Literary Situation* are both available in Compass paperback. . . . **Dan Jacobson** is a South African writer. His latest book, *No Further West,* has just been published by Macmillan. . . . **Roland Gelatt** is editor of *High Fidelity.* . . . **Gerald Weales** teaches drama at the University of Pennsylvania. . . . **Pamela Hansford Johnson's** *The Humbler Creation* is published by Harcourt, Brace. . . . **Kenneth S. Lynn** teaches at Harvard. He is the author of *Mark Twain and Southwestern Humor* (Atlantic-Little, Brown).

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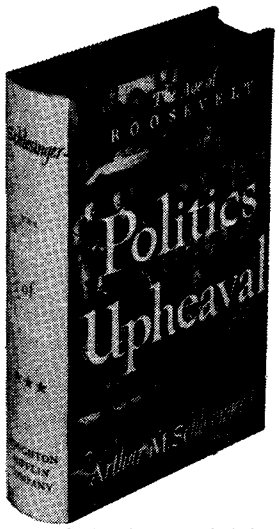

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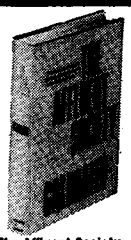

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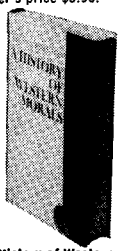

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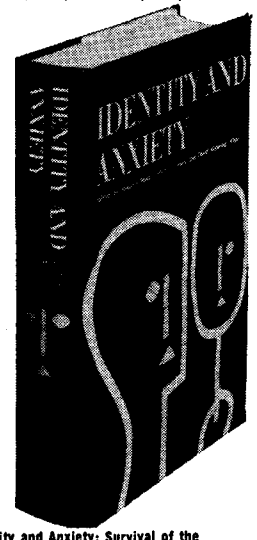

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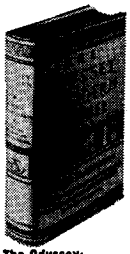

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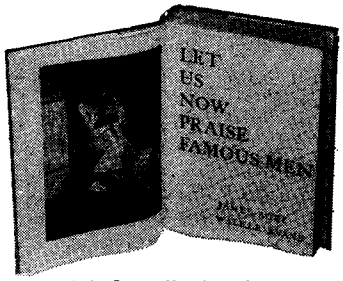

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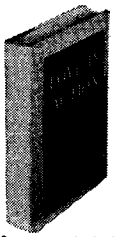

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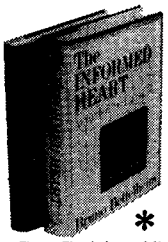

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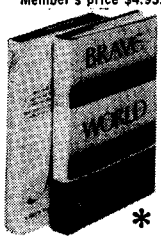

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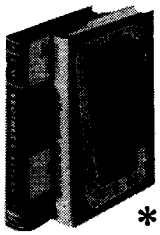

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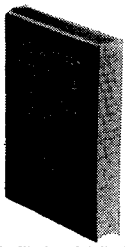

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THE STYLE AND THE MAN

To the Editor: I was glad to see that someone at least refused to be carried away by the accumulation of rhetorical flourishes that marred President Kennedy's inaugural address (*The Reporter's* Notes, February 2). I'm sure that many of President Kennedy's supporters were relieved to hear again in the magnificent State of the Union message the cool and realistic voice of the man we voted for.

EDWARD MULLER
Los Angeles

To the Editor: Your disappointment with President Kennedy's inaugural address is surprising. That you heard a "spiritual hiccough" while so many of us were hearing freshness and eloquence can be attributed to a difference in tastes, but your apparent failure to understand the purpose of the address is not so easily explained.

The inaugural address was quite properly viewed by the President as the vehicle for him to fuse his own thoughts and emotions about our government and times with those of all men of good will in order to achieve a national consensus. It is only through such a consensus on the broad outlines of his policies that he can hope to vitiate the potential deadlock facing him as a minority President with an unreliable Congressional majority.

One further point. Most good ideas are trite. It is their fresh restatement that makes them a reality for each new generation. It may be obvious that national survival depends in large part on civility and not fearing to negotiate, but it is a new idea to millions of Americans schooled in the truculent philosophy of McCarthyism. Far from being a "hiccough," I thought this the most effective part of a magnificent address.

E. PATRICK HEALY
Belvedere, California

To the Editor: Congratulations for your attention to the puzzle of rhetorics posed by the speeches of our outgoing and incoming Presidents. Ike's warnings, announced unambiguously, echo in conservative undertones the sensibilities of many Americans alarmed at the current course of our statecraft. Unfortunately, JFK's metaphoric riddles invoke more than a religious, inspirational mood—they convey, as well, a pretentious exhortation to act out the logic of destiny that is disturbingly reminiscent of other leaders whose style proved for a time to be burdened with riddles.

EDWARD RICHER
Minneapolis

To the Editor: Applying the same critical approach to the Gettysburg Address, you would no doubt conclude it amounted to little more than a collection of stilted phrases and impossible syntax. This poor peasant thought President Kennedy's address was a memorable one—and I still do.

JAMES H. HAWLEY, JR.
Boise, Idaho

SCIENTISTS AND ENGINEERS

To the Editor: At one point in "Electronics, the Human Element, and Air Safety" (*The Reporter*, February 2), Stuart H. Loory makes a statement which serves to explain in part a phenomenon which has occurred in a segment of higher education over the last three years. This phenomenon is the reduction of enrollments in engineering colleges simultaneously with an increase in over-all college enrollments in science and mathematics.

Mr. Loory says in discussing new tools of air traffic control: "Scientists are seeking some method of automatically labeling the [radar] blips." This statement is innocent enough, but it forms part of a pattern whose cumulative effect is to convey a distorted public picture of the activities and accomplishments of scientists as opposed to engineers.

Now it should be clear that those who design and develop electronic equipment and techniques, including radar and computers (electronic brains), are electrical engineers. If young men desire to participate in such activities as a career, they should become aware of this fact. Yet the information they get from almost all sources is misleading in this respect. It is common for the news media, for instance, to hail the successful launching of a satellite as a great *scientific* achievement and to lament a blowup on the launching pad as an *engineering* failure.

I have no desire to reduce national interest in science—if anything, it should be increased. But if we are to attract our young people into the areas of technology in which they are needed, the news media should make an effort to present an undistorted account of the activities of scientists and engineers.

NORMAN BALABANIAN
Syracuse University
Syracuse, New York

THE BRACERO PROBLEM

To the Editor: I read with a great deal of pleasure and interest the report entitled "The Grapes of Wrath, Vintage 1961," by Arnold Mayer (*The Reporter*, February 2). This report regarding the Mexican farm labor importation problem clearly describes the conditions under which the Mexican braceros live, the substandard wages which they receive, and the indignities to which they are subjected.

I appreciated the clear analysis of the legislative maneuverings for the extension of Public Law 78, not only in the House of Representatives but also

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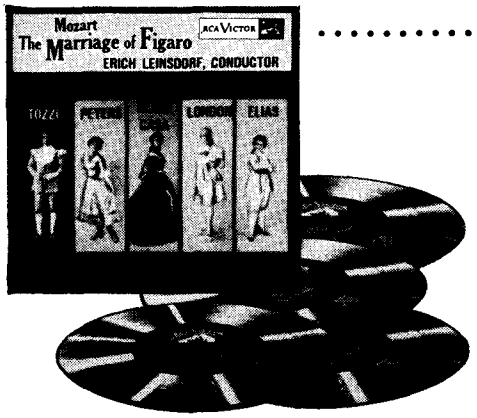

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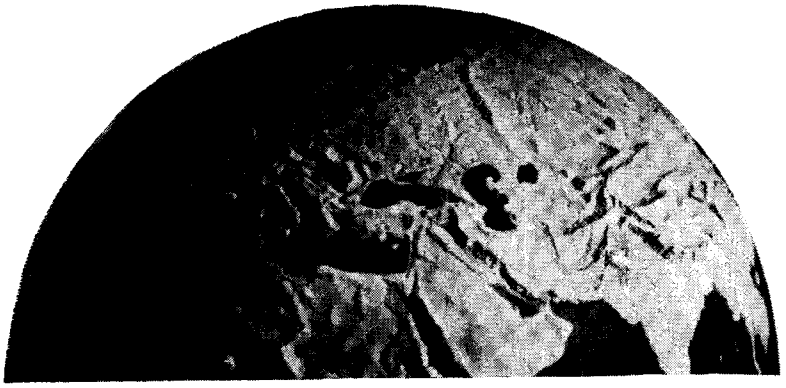

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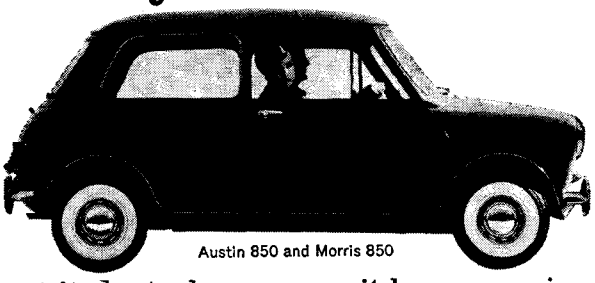

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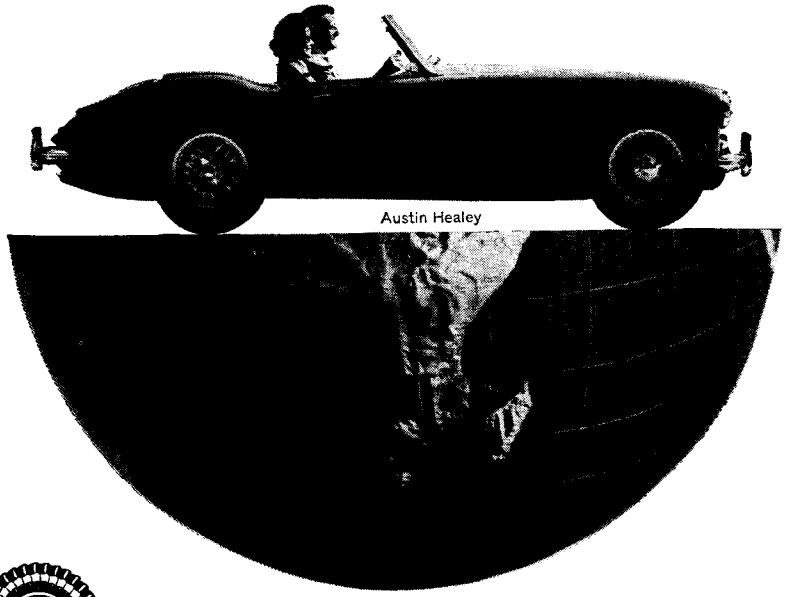

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in the Senate. The constant repetition of the conditions under which those Mexican workers labor, the extent of their use in areas and industries, are essential to alert the public and the legislators to this situation. In the light of our flight of gold from the United States and the increasing unemployment throughout the United States, the importation of laborers earning fifty cents per hour cannot be justified by a nation which is concerned with the dignity of its citizens.

I commend Mr. Mayer on his article.

ALFRED E. SANTANGELO
House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

HEALTH CARE

To the Editor: Edward T. Chase's article "Health Care for the Aged: An Unexpected Victory" (*The Reporter,* February 2) reflects very clearly some of the events which took place at the White House Conference on Aging, and I am indeed pleased that *The Reporter* gave space to an analysis of these events and of some of the arguments used by opponents of Social Security financing of health care for the aged.

We were particularly pleased with the results of the White House Conference on Aging with respect to this serious problem, since we have had for a number of years a policy supporting use of the social insurance mechanism.

LOULA DUNN, Director
American Public
Welfare Association
Chicago

To the Editor: Mr. Chase's article is the best comprehensive report I have seen. There was much behind the scenes which Mr. Chase does not report –I don't know whether he was aware of all that went on or not. Possibly much that seemed important to us would not be important to the general reader. I don't wish, however, to be critical of an article which in the main is an accurate report of the conference with the emphasis where it belongs.

NELSON H. CRUIKSHANK, Director
Department of Social Security
AFL–CIO
Washington, D.C.

To the Editor: I think that the Chase article states the situation accurately. I was pleased to see recognition of the fact that the Kerr-Mills law went further in providing completely socialized medical care to a very limited population than the Kennedy proposal. Here, compensation for physicians, hospitals, and all the rest of the personnel involved is included with very little freedom of choice in certain instances. Obviously, the whole question of socialized medicine ought to be given an honest look.

ROBERT E. COOKE, M.D.
Professor of Pediatrics
Johns Hopkins Hospital
Baltimore

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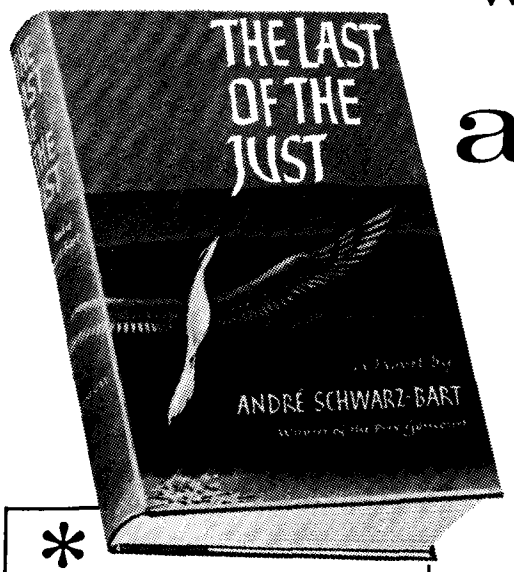

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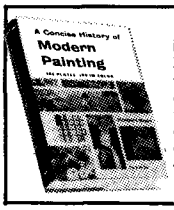

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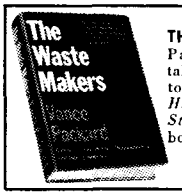

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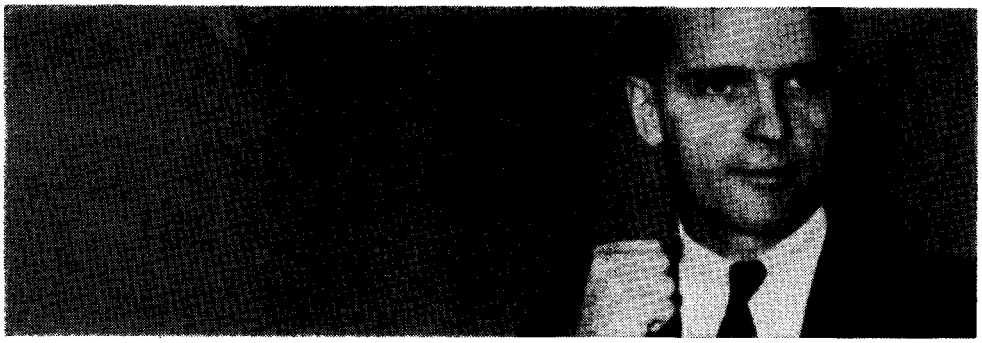

Television: a statement by Senator William Proxmire before U.S. Senate, Jan. 9, 1961:

In the past, I have frequently been a critic of television. There is still too much trivia on the air, in my opinion, especially in the prime evening hours, when the largest potential audiences are able to listen.

But there is another side to this story. In the past few months many of us have become aware of the tremendous job television can do when it aims high. There has been an impressive succession of genuinely outstanding programs. During the national political campaign we had the now historic great debates in which the two presidential candidates met face to face in verbal combat while as many as 80 million viewers looked on. What a magnificent contribution this was to genuine democratic participation in our huge nation. This was an indication of what television can do.

The coverage of the campaign and the election brought more Americans into closer contact with the meaning and excitement of politics than ever before, as the personalities and policies of the candidates and the parties were revealed in painstaking detail. Thanks to television, this was the best informed electorate in my judgment in our history.

On the night of the election, the networks brought the details of the nationwide vote count to an enormous audience that stayed up to watch what surely must have been the most prolonged cliff hanger since the end of "The Perils of Pauline." Other broadcasts have continued this high level of television programming. A moving study of the problem of migratory labor in this country drew wide attention. This program moved many to express their concern to me in many ways. . . . There have been programs on the U-2 affair, on the sit-ins, on the world refugee problem, and on other subjects of equal importance. These programs have had an immense impact on tens of millions of Americans, providing a vast increase in understanding.

I think that one must recognize that the television networks' elbowroom is limited by certain factors. The need to find financial sponsorship for programs among a fairly small number of advertisers inevitably places an over-all restriction on the scope and nature of programming. The established tastes and viewing preferences of most Americans are likely to remain fairly stable. The much-maligned ratings continue to provide a persuasive link between the desire of a potential sponsor to reach a maximum audience, and the nature of the program which will accomplish this with the greatest degree of reliability.

These hard facts of life in the television industry being what they are, it is all the more worth taking time out to praise the networks for putting on a very substantial number of outstanding programs in recent months. The merits of these shows deserve recognition. Those responsible for the broadcasts should be praised and encouraged to continue their working efforts.

During the next few days I intend to place in the Record the actual transcripts of some of these outstanding broadcasts. The bare script of a television broadcast hardly does justice to the total impression achieved by a program, but it may serve as an indication, in permanent form, of how good television can be at its best.

I think it is time that the Congress recognize how this magic medium transforms our democracy. And just in the nick of time. Many of us have feared that the problems of our democracy have been becoming too vast, too remote, and too complicated with the impact of technology shrinking the contact size of a world becoming always more complex with burgeoning population and multiplying independent nations.

Now television has come along and it is at last possible for the great majority of us Americans to develop a far better understanding of our responsibilities, and how massive and challenging a job we face. In many ways American television is beginning to do part of that job.

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In March...Some Programs of Special Interest

(Times indicated are Eastern Standard Time)

"The Great Challenge"
Distinguished guests discuss challenging issues facing mankind.
Sunday, March 5-12-26 (4-5 PM)

"White Paper"
A study of state legislatures, the powers they possess and assume.
Tuesday, March 7 (10-11 PM)

"Russian Whale Hunt"
A nine-month, 24,000-mile whaling and scientific expedition.
Tuesday, March 14 (7-7:30 PM)

"Young Performers"
Promising young musical artists perform with Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic.
Sunday, March 19 (4-5 PM)

"Minister of Hate"
Propaganda techniques of Joseph Goebbels. Guest: H. R. Trevor-Roper.
Sunday, March 19 (6:30-7 PM)

"Closing the Ring"
The first "summit" meeting of Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin, at Teheran in 1943.
Sunday, March 19 (10:30-11 PM)

"24 Hours in a Woman's Life"
Ingrid Bergman stars in Stefan Zweig's story of a woman betrayed by emotion.
Monday, March 20 (9-10:30 PM)

"Our Man in Hong Kong"
A personal report by David Brinkley.
Tuesday, March 21 (10-11 PM)

"The Passover"
History, ritual, and customs of the Jewish celebration of deliverance from bondage.
Sunday, March 26 (1-1:30 PM)

"Boris Godunov"
Moussorgsky's opera in a new English-language production, with Giorgio Tozzi.
Sunday, March 26 (3-5 PM)

"The Story of Will Rogers"
Tuesday, March 28 (9-10 PM)

"The Real West"
The Old West in rare photographs and documents. Narrator: Gary Cooper.
Wednesday, March 29 (7:30-8:30 PM)

"Nor Any Drop to Drink"
A documentary on the problem of water pollution.
Wednesday, March 29 (10-11 PM)

Regularly Scheduled

Sundays:	Meet the Professor Issues and Answers Roundup USA Ask Washington Meet the Press The Twentieth Century Winston Churchill: The Valiant Years
Tuesdays:	Expedition!
Thursdays:	Face the Nation/Reports
Fridays:	Eyewitness to History
Saturdays:	The Nation's Future
Mon-Fri:	Continental Classroom Road to Reality

NOTE: *Times, programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Consult local listings for times and programming details.*

Television Information Office
666 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N.Y.

THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The Knowledge Gap

The central and significant feature of the technological age we live in is the steady and steadily growing torrent of specialized information—all of it useful in some sector of our national life, much of it desperately needed, and all of it requiring study, collation, organization, and transmission. To put this vast flow of information to work in the national interest—let alone for international purposes—is clearly beyond any but the power and facilities of the Federal government. And let there be no mistake: the job must be done, even if it means a further expansion of government machinery—for here is where the real sources of power, whether for peace or war, are to be found.

What is particularly troubling is not the bigness of government but its concentration in one sector—that of defense. The imbalance is inevitable and necessary. The coincidence in our time of the scientific revolution with the prolonged struggle between the two great powers has seen to that. Another concern is whether the new and esoteric kinds of power may not somehow escape the controls of traditional institutions and the familiar system of checks and balances on which we have always relied.

Only recently two eminent men of widely different background and experience have put their fears on record. President Eisenhower in his farewell address to the nation warned against "unwarranted influence . . . by the military-industrial complex," and the danger that "public policy could itself become the captive of a scientific-technological elite." Sir Charles Snow, the British scientist, novelist, and former civil servant, raised a similar danger signal. In the Godkin Lectures delivered at Harvard University a few months ago, he underscored the fact that today "the cardinal choices have to be made by a handful of men . . . who cannot have a first-hand knowledge of what those choices depend upon or what their results may be." In a later lecture he warned that "at this moment, all countries are not unlikely to be at the mercy of scientific salesmen."

There are good reasons for such concern. To the average citizen, of course, scientific knowledge has always been more or less inscrutable, and as its ideas and language become ever more cryptic and inaccessible, the control and use of its fabulous powers tend to pass into fewer and fewer hands. Suggestive evidence is all about us. Let the skeptic read almost any recent Congressional hearing on the complex weapons which underpin our national security and he will certainly feel a prickle of apprehension to note how far the answers outrun the questions, how little the questioner can sometimes grasp or the answerer convey of the understanding required to pass responsible judgment.

Perhaps the knowledge gap is a more serious threat to the nation's security than we yet suspect. The old adage that knowledge is power is more pertinent than ever. But to be useful today, it needs redefinition and a thorough rethinking.

The task will not be quickly accomplished. But one can make a beginning at least by recognizing that the first answer to the concentration of too much power in too few hands is the introduction of far more knowledge into far more heads, from the high schools right through to the high offices of government.

Sir Charles wants to see all kinds of scientists "active in all the levels of government"—and especially in the top executive councils. His proposal is all to the good. As it happens, we have already—in a haphazard and backhanded way—made something of a start. The rapid spread of organized research and policy advice, described in this issue,

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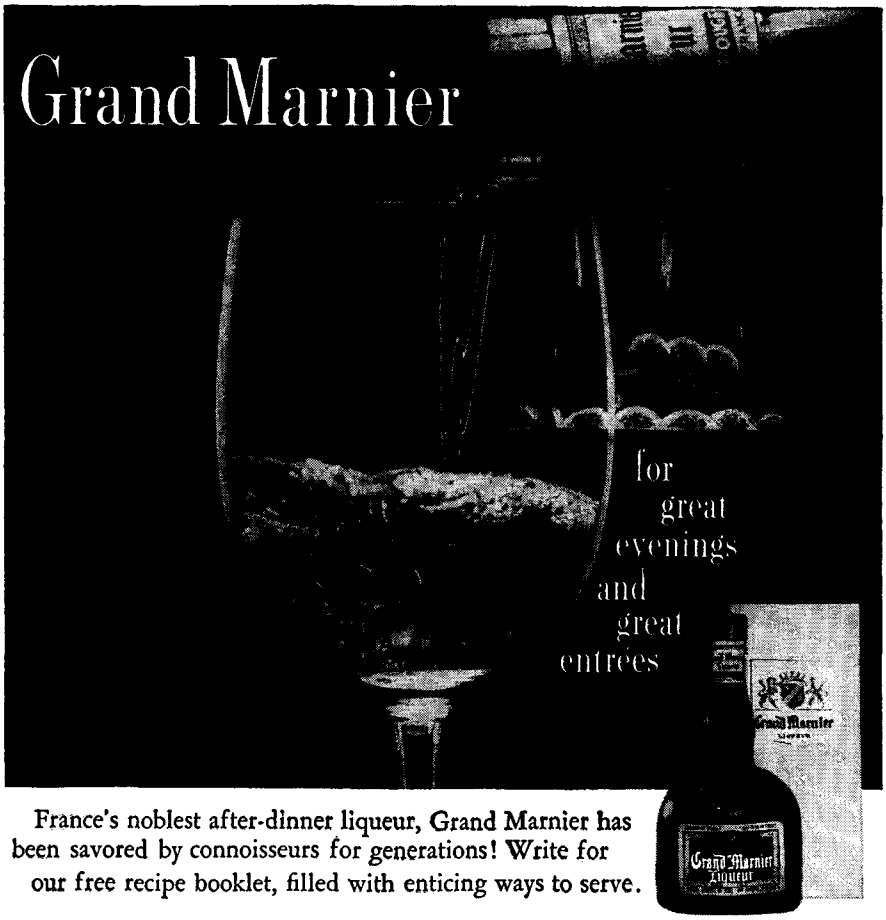

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is a case in point. Growing like Topsy, it has provided a variety of makeshift models—wasteful but usually workable—of how to bring about a cross-fertilization of talent and ideas which can adequately deal with the interlocking character of scientific and technical knowledge.

What is needed now is for the government to adapt and discipline and, above all, co-ordinate these resources for the national good. One step would be to organize, within the government framework, staffs of diverse intellectual disciplines—scientists, technologists, cost analysts, political scientists, and foreign-policy specialists—and to harness these teams to the great and continuing problems of the nation.

To this end the government may have to devise, in all probability by trial and error, new administrative and organizational techniques. It seems prepared to do so: A mixed task force is now being created in the new disarmament agency; a ten-man team of specialists from the Rand Corporation has been brought in to aid the new comptroller of the Defense Department; and there is on the record an evident intention to explore new means for dealing with such complex problems as urban affairs and labor-management relations. The new administration seems to be moving in the right direction.

—PHILIP HORTON

OECD and the Protectionists

The Senate Foreign Relations Committee had hardly begun its hearing on the treaty to establish the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development when opposition came in from that most influential source, "the grass roots." Curiously enough, O. R. Strackbein, the loudest spokesman for the protectionists, had not yet been heard when senators started getting telegrams from home supporting Strackbein's statement. The wires got the reception prearranged spontaneity deserves. It is certain, however, that there will be pushing and hauling in the Senate over OECD. The fears of the protectionists run deep, and the recession has strengthened their opposition to anything they suspect might promote free trade.

The protectionists have no quar-

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rel with the first aim of OECD, which is to achieve and maintain the highest rate of economic growth for the industrial nations of the Atlantic Community. The Organization for European Economic Cooperation (OEEC) was established in 1948 to assist in carrying out the Marshall Plan. But Western Europe has been restored, and it is now necessary to take account of its economic power and the interdependence of the western economies. Secretary of the Treasury Dillon offered the senators a striking illustration of the need for co-ordinating financial policies. During the first six months of 1960, the U.S. balance-of-payments deficit was showing a marked improvement over that of 1959. Then our Federal Reserve, reacting to the business slowdown, eased credit and reduced its rates. But the Bundesbank, because of the domestic boom in West Germany and the need to control inflation, increased its rate; the Bank of England followed suit. "A flood of short-term funds left New York seeking the higher return in Frankfurt and London," Dillon said. "This sharply increased our balance-of-payments deficit . . . shook confidence in the dollar, and the result was a substantial increase in the outflow of gold."

Neither are those who are against OECD opposed to the organization's second aim, which is to improve and increase economic and technical assistance from the industrial nations to the underdeveloped countries; in practice this can mean getting other nations to share the burden with the United States. The first two aims, however, are linked with a third: "to contribute to the expansion of world trade." Words like this are anathema to many businessmen. Actually, OECD will serve only as a forum for discussions of trade policies and practices, and George Ball, Under Secretary of State for Economic Affairs, stated unequivocally in the Senate hearing that "The OECD will neither establish nor administer trade rules . . . The OECD will not conduct tariff negotiations." But the protectionists don't seem to like any talk about trade policy, despite the fact that this very feature of the treaty offers an excellent opportunity to increase U.S. exports: OECD will provide the only forum through which the United States can deal effectively with Europe's "Six" and "Outer Seven" in order to avoid new discrimination against our products.

The Vocabulary of Defense

Secretary McNamara must wish it had been possible to bring a new vocabulary along with a new staff to the Defense Department. From what we can learn, he was treated shabbily by the reporters he invited to his first background briefing. He claims he was not talking about how far the Russians may be pulling ahead of us in the production and deployment of missiles but simply describing this nation's present destructive capability in comparison with that of the Soviet Union. But the next day's headlines about a missing "missile gap" stirred up memories of the recent campaign and set the politicians on edge again.

There are other words that may hound the Secretary as he tries to make a new start, for the jargons of the rival service doctrines have been purveyed as gospel by the Pentagon trade press. "Prevail" now belongs exclusively to the Air Force and raises hackles in the Army and Navy. "Finite deterrence" sums up Army-Navy strategy, while "counterforce" is the comparable Air Force term. "Pre-emptive" war is supposed to be subtly distinct from the "preventive" type, although even the White House Press Secretary, Pierre Salinger, has admitted that he fails to grasp the difference. "Spasm war," a recent entry, had best go undefined.

In this war of words, the protagonists do not hesitate to call upon higher law. Air Force partisans claim that Navy doctrine, because it would countenance the bombing of cities, is immoral. This is an interesting turnabout from the distant days of the B-36 fight when Navy spokesmen, including Admiral Arthur Radford, made precisely the same charge against the Air Force. The Navy now claims that Air Force plans to strike only at strategic targets would be pointless unless this nation struck the first blow—which is hardly a very moral thing to do.

One trouble with these conflicting strategies is that they so obviously appear to be shaped by, rather than shaping, the weapon systems that each service happens to possess. In the same way that our foreign policy has often been a carbon copy of our military strategy, there is danger that our military strategy may be a mere inventory of our arsenals.

Mr. McNamara has made it clear that he will not be satisfied with such a stereotyped strategy. With the help of special task forces, each headed by a civilian and each responsible to him rather than an individual service, he is reappraising both this year's budget and long-range strategy. There isn't much time, for even now the marathon of Congressional hearings is beginning. As the old words and old ideas echo around Washington, we wish the new Secretary of Defense well in his ambitious efforts to bring some new sense to the vocabulary of defense.

GRAND OLD COALITION

For us Democrats, South, and Republicans, West,
The Congressional future is bright:
We will stalk every bill and come in for the kill
With a hay-making blow from the Right.

Let the White House propose, we close in and oppose,
It's as simple and easy as that—
If they're moving ahead, we'll be stopping them dead,
For our permanent posture is pat.

For Democrats, South, and Republicans, West,
Our policy's clear as can be:
Whatever is planned for the needs of our land
Is bad for the future of we.

—SEC

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—STEREO OR MONAURAL—FOR THE

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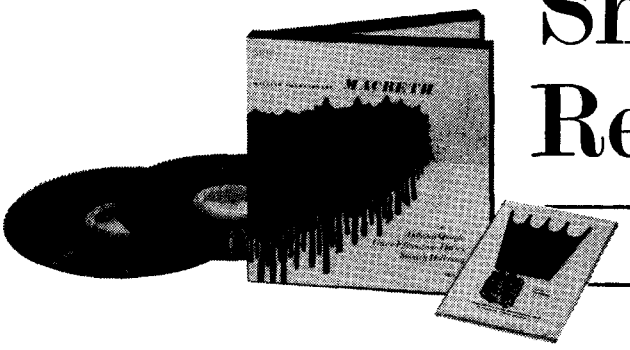

FREE TO CHARTER MEMBERS—
the Society's exciting new recording of *Macbeth*

"A hit, a very palpable hit" Hamlet, ACT V, SCENE 2

Here is news of an important recording project that will provide a lasting source of pleasure, inspiration and education for you and your family. As fundamental to your basic library as your dictionary or encyclopedia, the new series has been greeted with acclaim by critics, parents, educators—everyone who has heard and thrilled to the Society's first five releases, magnificent productions of *Macbeth, The Taming of the Shrew, Othello, The Winter's Tale* and *Romeo and Juliet.*

"Such stuff as dreams are made on" The Tempest, ACT IV, SCENE 1

The talents of outstanding actors, directors and recording engineers have been combined for this important undertaking. Casts include:

Sir John Gielgud	Dame Edith Evans	Frank Silvera	Celia Johnson
Sir Michael Redgrave	Claire Bloom	Stanley Holloway	Margaret Leighton
Sir Ralph Richardson	Siobhan McKenna	Richard Burton	Trevor Howard
Dame Peggy Ashcroft	Cyril Cusack	Anthony Quayle	...and dozens of others

"'Tis beauty truly blent"
Twelfth Night, ACT I, SCENE 5

Directors of the performances include Howard Sackler, the world's most experienced director of spoken-word recordings and Peter Wood, who won world-wide acclaim for his directing of Shakespeare performances at Edinburgh, Stratford-on-Avon and Stratford, Ontario. Producing the series is Caedmon, leading name in spoken-word recordings, which has brought alive on records so much of the world's great poetry and prose. Each performance is provided with appropriate background music to lend an aura of the living stage to the production. Each release is packaged in a handsome, durable box with a distinctive and original cover...and helpful background notes by Professor G. B. Harrison, noted Shakespearean authority. The complete text—in 5½ x 8½ book form—accompanies each play.

"Thrift, thrift, Horatio!"
Hamlet, ACT I, SCENE 2

The Society is recording the complete stage versions of the plays — in the authoritative texts edited by Professor Harrison. Two-record sets retail in stores for $11.90 per album: three-record sets for $17.85. *However, as a Charter Member of the Society, you pay only $8.90 for two-record albums and $12.90 for three records*—plus a small charge for postage and handling.

If you do not want the complete series of plays, you may choose only the albums you prefer as outlined in the enrollment form below. *The form also tells you how you can add other spoken-word records to your library—free.*

"Which can say more than this rich praise?"
Sonnet 84

"...a must for any intelligent family's record library...a classic, living Shakespeare."
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"...an impressive recording project."
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EXTRA GIFT! The Society has prepared a special 9 x 12 reproduction of the Lionel Dillon drawing of Shakespeare—a striking black-and-white wood cut to hang in your library or den. This portrait—not for sale anywhere, at any price—is free to Charter Members of the Society while supply lasts. But, in Hamlet's words, "by and by is easily said," so fill out and mail the enrollment coupon today.

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When you enroll, you will receive—with your first selection or selections—the Society's outstanding new recording of *Macbeth* which *Time* Magazine calls "moving and brilliant."

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I agree to buy four albums (including my initial order) the first year I am a member, and may cancel any time thereafter. If I continue as a member, I shall receive with my fifth purchase, and with every four purchases thereafter, a free Caedmon spoken-word recording or set.

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Whose U.N.?

A SHOWDOWN on the Congo was bound to come, and indeed it might have come much earlier, since the elements that brought it about have been present for a long time. Essentially, the showdown is not between the Soviet Union and the United States; it is between the Soviet Union and the United Nations.

The final incident that caused the showdown was, of course, the dramatic and bloody exit of Lumumba. How he died may never be known. One can say only that it would have been preferable if this unstable and misguided leader had been eliminated in some peaceful manner—placed, let us say, in a padded cell. But Lumumba's career and horrid fate remain secondary, and truly accidental in character. For the fundamental issue in the whole Congo affair is none other than the United Nations' right and duty, as agent for the conscience of mankind, to intervene in those situations where there is a break in continuity between the ending of a colonial order and the establishment and growth of self-rule. The lesson of everything that has happened since the Congo became independent, and then faltered, is that the peoples of all the world must now ask themselves what they mean when they speak of the United Nations. They must ask themselves one central question: whose U.N. is it?

When Khrushchev came to New York he brought his own answer to this question. He said there were two, and even three U.N.s—a U.N. for the Communist bloc; a U.N. for the West; and a U.N. for the so-called uncommitted nations. He let this third group know that if it had any sense whatsoever it would go along with the Communist bloc. Since the situation in the Congo was creating chaos, he also made it clear that he wanted more and more Congos, more and more Lumumbas.

In the West, however, we must not be diverted, or divert others, from the essential question, which is the U.N. The United States has taken the position that the U.N. is indivisible. In our dealings with nations willing to co-operate in specific emergencies, such as the Congo, we are more than happy to invite them to assume a share of leadership that may be entirely disproportionate to their power, wealth, or population. It would be unfair to burden them with the full responsibilities of leadership and initiative; we are ready, however, to provide them with all the advantages of our experience and our strength—provided that all such joint actions, as in the Congo, remain entirely supranational.

ALL through the Congo crisis, the Russians have been taking advantage of the more or less spontaneous resentment among colored or not-colored people against the Belgians. No doubt the Belgians are far from blameless; but for all they have done or failed to do, they have surely been punished. It may be hoped that equal punishment will be visited upon the Communist governments for what they have done and still do to their own peoples—and we don't mean only Hungary.

But of all the Russians' attempts to divert the public opinion of mankind from the central issue, what they are doing to Dag Hammarskjöld is their greatest betrayal of truth. Hammarskjöld has always insisted on the complete universality of the U.N., and for this reason on many occasions he has shown himself a friend to the Russians. For here is a man who has entirely freed himself from anything that can even remotely be called nationalism; who although thoroughly a man of the West, has identified himself with the whole community of nations, seeking only to promote peace among them, and progress.

A HEAVY RESPONSIBILITY now rests with the uncommitted nations, a responsibility Mr. Nehru has already accepted in his offer to send troops to the Congo. For now everyone must understand what the Russians mean by the U.N. and what the United States and the other western nations mean by the U.N. We want to use the U.N. for peace. The Soviets, in Mr. Stevenson's words, have made "virtually a declaration of war on the United Nations and on the principle of international action on behalf of peace."

What do the Russians really want? Their own U.N.? One thing is certain: we are not going to meet their threat by imitating them. We shall never abandon the principle of U.N. universality. We have, to be sure, a perfect right to tell some of the uncommitted nations not to go too far, not to play with fire. We must make it clear to the smaller nations throughout the world that we do not insist that they become members of our alliance; all we ask is that they support the kind of U.N. for which we intend to go on working—the kind of U.N. which, as President Kennedy has said, is the surest guarantee, perhaps the only guarantee, of their continued independence.

As for the Russians, we can only say to them quietly, firmly, without any kind of saber rattling, that if they seek to conquer the Congo, if they send in weapons or men from the Soviet Union or from the nations they have conquered, then we are prepared to oppose their unilateral action with some unilateral action of our own.

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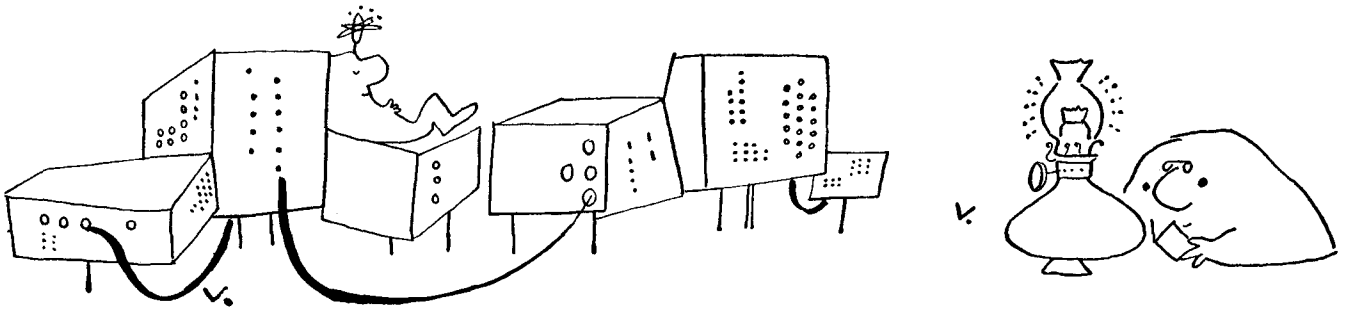


Ideas:

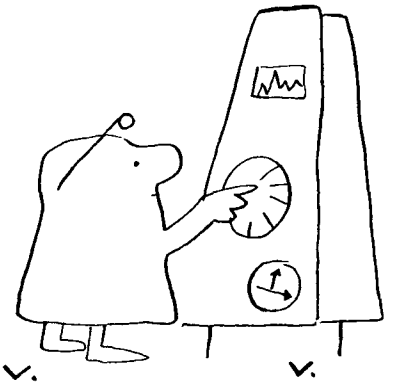
A New Defense Industry

EDWARD L. KATZENBACH, JR.

LIKE the second cup of coffee, advice is no longer free. We live in the age of the specialist, and just as tooting one's own horn is now contracted out to a public-relations firm and one's anxieties to a psychoanalyst, so all kinds of technical problems and even questions of high policy are more and more frequently being handed over to outside authorities for study and advice.

Surveys, research reports, and evaluative studies are constantly being commissioned by private business corporations and all levels of government. The Federal government, having the most problems and the most money, is by far the greatest consumer of such advice, and the Department of Defense, which spends nearly half of the Federal budget, consumes much more than all the other departments of government combined. As both the development and the use of weapons have become increasingly intricate and costly, scientific and engineering analysts have become indispensable to the Defense Department. And as technology has increasingly affected all phases of military policy, specialists from other disciplines have inevitably been drawn into the business of providing both research and advice.

In general, the government has followed two courses in purchasing advice. In many cases, it relies on the scientific and technical laboratories of universities and private industry. But the government has also established its own corporations independent of the civil service. This second development emphasizes the fact that contracted advice has become a new instrument of government in our time.



MANY OF THESE subsidized government corporations originated in the universities and certain defense industries. Thus Johns Hopkins sponsored the Applied Physics Laboratory for the Navy and the Operations Research Office for the Army. The Massachusetts Institute of Technology established the Operations Evaluation Group for the Navy, the Lincoln Laboratories for all the services, and the MITRE Corporation for the Air Force. A number of universities banded together in 1956 to establish the Institute for Defense Analysis (IDA), a holding corporation with several branches which advise not only the Defense Department but other departments and agencies of government as well. Other government subsidiaries were originally created by private industry. The RAND Corporation (Research and Development), which advises the Air Force, was in its early days a part of the Douglas Aircraft Company, Inc.; another Air Force outfit, the Aerospace Corporation, got its start in the Space Technology Laboratories, a subsidiary of Thompson Ramo Wooldridge.

These corporations perform a wide variety of services. Some work primarily on a single weapon or electronic system, others on a combination of related systems. MITRE (M.I.T. RAND Engineers), facetiously referred to as "M.I.T. Rejected Engineers," works on complex Air Force electronic systems under the direction of the Command and Control Development Division of the Air Research and Development Command. MITRE now has several buildings in Bedford, Massachusetts, a branch at Colorado Springs, and numerous special field sites. Its employees, mostly engineers with a sprinkling of scientists, work on the complicated job of design and integration of electronic systems (notably SAGE) in such fields as air

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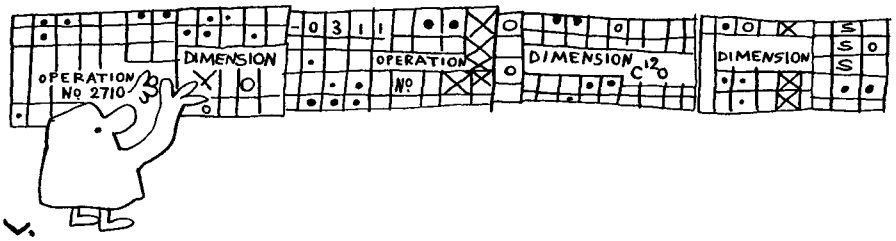
defense, strategic warfare, and tactical air operations. Aerospace, located in Los Angeles, does research-and-development work for the Air Force Ballistic Missile Division and is currently helping to develop weapons to be based in space.



Since nearly all of the new strategic weapons obviously have an important bearing on over-all defense policy, the advisory corporations also undertake occasional studies of international security problems. Both the Institute for Defense Analysis in Washington and M.I.T. have received contracts for studies in the field of disarmament.

RAND, OEG, and WSEG

Probably the three most important corporations the government has set up to provide expert assistance and advice are the RAND Corporation, which does most of its work for the Air Force; the Operations Evaluation Group (OEG), which is supported by the Navy; and the Weapons Systems Evaluation Group (WSEG), whose staff is drawn from the Institute for Defense Analysis and which works for both the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the Assistant Secretary of Defense for Research, Development and Engineering.

RAND was founded in 1946 at Santa Monica, California. There is a staff of 850 at its beach-front headquarters, and about 550 of these are sufficiently involved in intellectual problems to qualify for blackboards in their offices, a professional status symbol of the new industry. RAND boasts that it issues a publication a day, that its members sit on some seventy government committees, and that its annual budget amounts to $13.5 million.

RAND differs from OEG and WSEG in several important respects. First of all, its employees publish and talk in public—despite strenuous and sometimes successful efforts by the Department of Defense to keep them from doing so. They are also free to take sabbaticals to universities across the land, and occasionally to work on studies for institutions other than the Air Force. Such studies have included an analysis of the economics of space flight for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, another on water resources for the state of California, and one on urban transportation for the Ford Foundation. While the extent of this "outside" work should not be exaggerated (it produces some twenty per cent of RAND's revenues), it does bring the corporation a good deal of prestige which contributes in some measure to its influence on military matters.

RAND's members work on a wide variety of topics, ranging from military strategy and tactics to disarmament, political analysis, and economics. The basic contract under which RAND operates specifies that it is not under any obligation to do studies for the Air Force that for one reason or another it does not consider worthwhile. Yet in some respects its independence and influence are more apparent than real. RAND, it has been said, is rather like a "celibate mistress" to the Air Force, kept but ignored. Many of its individual employees resent the fact that their military bosses do not always listen to advice as closely as they might—a failure of attention that is apt to occur when the advice does not conform to Air Force thinking. But seeking an audience elsewhere, especially in public print, is apt to invite reproof. Take, for instance, the case of Herman Kahn, one of RAND's prominent analysts, who saw fit to write a book while on a sabbatical at Princeton University. Entitled *On Thermonuclear War*, the book was widely reviewed, and in no time had aroused a lively and possibly useful controversy. Its views, however, were apparently not popular with those higher up. Within a few weeks, editors around the country received a letter from a senior analyst in the math division of RAND disavowing the book on behalf of the corporation and denouncing the "troglodytic, apocalyptic visions of Kahn."

Such are the occupational hazards of the business. The problem analyst is threatened by confinement and frustration on one hand and on the other by enthusiastic acceptance so long as he comes up with answers that please his superiors. In between, of course, he often succeeds in doing useful and even brilliant work.

THE NAVY'S Operations Evaluation Group (OEG) operates quite differently from RAND. Its members work in the heart of the Pentagon in a sealed-off section with a guard at the entrance. The oldest of the problem-analysis organizations, it is also one of the smallest. Its fifty-odd experts rarely publish except within the Navy, and never talk outside it. While RAND maintains that much of its influence rests on its reputation outside the Air Force, OEG officials feel that their power lies in their anonymity and service loyalty. The subjects they work on are similar to those studied at RAND, but more specifically related to the plans of the Navy. The organization has never done outside work, and it never undertakes the sort of political studies for which RAND has become known.

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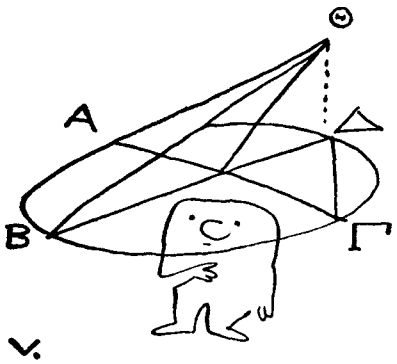


Like OEG, the Weapons Systems Evaluation Group (WSEG) operates at the very heart of Pentagon secrecy. Originally created as an ordinary civil-service agency by the first Secretary of Defense, James Forrestal, WSEG has since been joined to the Institute for Defense Analysis as a more or less independent government-subsidized organization. The regular services look upon WSEG with some annoyance, since it is almost always in a position to second-guess them. For example, WSEG may consider a proposal for increasing the airlift for limited-war operations that the Army has long and passionately advocated. Or it may review the technological requirements for a counterforce strategy aimed at knocking out an enemy's weapons, which is current Air Force doctrine, in comparison with those for a counterpopulation strategy aimed at wiping out enemy cities, as advocated by the Navy; such a study would certainly involve an evaluation of the two latest weapon systems—the recently tested Minuteman and the Polaris now in service—on which the two services respectively base much of their arguments over these competing strategies.

Because of WSEG's sensitive position in the uneasy tangle of interservice rivalry, the Joint Chiefs have at times been loath to use it as freely and as often as the high quality of its personnel would seem to warrant. Not only do WSEG studies sometimes shy away from the central problems of military security, but those which it does produce do not always reach the people who could make best use of them. The Joint Chiefs, for example, have sometimes been known to withhold WSEG studies from the State Department, although the information was of the utmost importance in the formulation of foreign policy. When asked how he has used WSEG, one chairman of the Joint Chiefs said bluntly: "To prove to the others [members of the Joint Chiefs of Staff] that something I already know to be so is so."

Have Computer, Will Advise

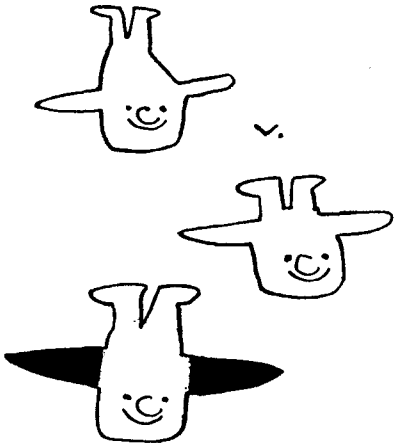
Apart from the wholly owned subsidiaries, the government also supports various private problem-analysis organizations, sometimes providing revenues of up to seventy-five per cent of their total incomes. Furthermore, almost all major defense contractors now have their own problem-analysis shops. Some of these, such as those at Douglas and Boeing, are located right in the plant. Other companies set up their analysts on what they like to call "campuses." General Electric has its campus in a former hotel in Santa Barbara, while Lockheed's is to be found at Bedminister in the commuter country of northern New Jersey.

Other private analysis factories are scattered about, or near, real college campuses. The Stanford Research Institute, for instance, has expanded since 1946 from a staff of three, housed in two rooms, to a staff of some two thousand who now do a $25-million business in a new million-dollar building just off the Stanford University campus. A much smaller organization, Operations & Policy Research, Inc., of Washington, D.C., contracts out to part-time consultants most of the contracts it receives from the government. Founded in 1955, OPR maintains a very small staff but has more than a hundred consultants on tap in forty different academic fields, including theology, although primarily in the social sciences.

Most of the companies in the private sector of the new and booming advice industry tend to supplement a small permanent staff with part-time consultants. Take United Research Incorporated of Cambridge, Massachusetts. Founded within the Harvard Business School in 1947, U.R. became a profit organization in 1958; it has roughly a hundred on its staff, but some forty professors, mostly from Harvard and M.I.T., are on tap as paid consultants.

The job of the analyst in private industry, usually in an electronics or aircraft company, differs in one important respect from that of his counterparts in the government-subsidized corporations. He is often called upon to explain not only how the government might use a certain kind of product but why it should buy the product from a specific company. To do this, he must, of necessity, try to "sell" a policy in which his company's product may be integrated. To this end, it is usually the company analyst, not the commercial salesman, who sets up "briefings" in the offices of the Pentagon. He will then, for example, not only tell the government how a B-70 can be built but why it is in the interests of our national strategy to have a force of B-70 bombers on call. Boeing has gone one step further and actually has a company handout, prepared by its analysts, which gives Boeing's concept of the best balance of weapons for our national military establishment.

All this, of course, is only to be expected in an age of rapid technological change. Any new weapon system is likely to raise more problems than it solves. And the analyst



is expected to deal with all of them. In addition to his functions as pitchman and foreign-policy adviser, he must also act as a kind of walkie-talkie between the command posts in the Pentagon, where the final decisions on strategy are made, and the company's engineering and designing offices, where the chief concern is with the manufacture of specific products.

A number of advisory organizations manufacture reports and

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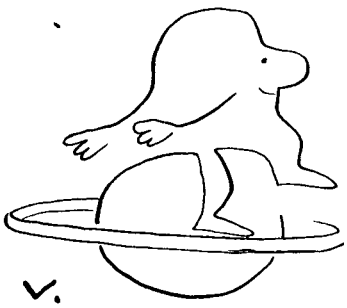
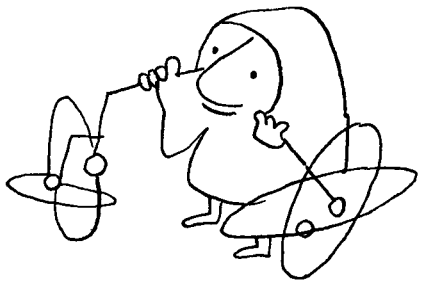
reports alone. Among their clients are the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, the Atomic Energy Commission, the International Cooperation Administration, the Federal Aviation Agency, the Commerce Department, and a host of other government agencies. Even Congress, an organization that has hitherto been prone to think of itself as having adequate intellectual resources of its own, has been buying outside advice.

Two years ago, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee ordered several studies, including one that may well prove to be an important working document for the new administration. The contract was let to the Washington Center of Foreign Policy Research, a subsidiary of Johns Hopkins in Baltimore, and resulted in a sizable work entitled *Developments in Military Technology and Their Influence on U.S. Strategy and Policy*. One of the principal authors was Paul H. Nitze, former head of the Policy Planning staff in the State Department, who has recently been appointed Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs.





The Uses and Abuses of Analysis

Even the RAND Corporation would have difficulty producing an accurate evaluation of the total effect on our government of the vast output of contracted advice. It is, however, abundantly clear that contracted advice and information are not always used simply to gain intellectual perspective. Problem analysis may be used as a means with which to gain power, or it may provide the sand into which the reluctant decision maker can stick his head. The president of one of the better-known private advisory agencies once said flatly that he lived on government indecision. He described in detail the way in which the hesitant decision maker can be brought to sign a contract by the promise that a fat and learned document prepared by an advisory group will give him not only sanction to follow a given line of policy but a stout defense should the policy later come under attack. In this sense, policy analysts play on the same kind of fear and expectation that insurance salesmen do.

As a weapon in the great bureaucratic wars in Washington—the constant engagements, say, between the Department of Defense and the Bureau of the Budget, or between the Executive and the Legislative Branches—policy analysis is frequently used by a subordinate to go over a superior's head. It is increasingly being used for the aerial passes and long end runs that get around entire echelons and departments. One policy position, initiated within a government department, was finally sent out for editing and the appropriate imprimatur to a private analysis group simply to ensure its being read further up in the hierarchy. The cost was a thousand dollars a page, but the man who let the contract was content: the maneuver had actually saved the government many times that sum, he claimed, simply because it got the study read.

THE GREATEST resistance to the practice of farming out thinking, it is generally agreed, is to be found in the State Department. One problem-analysis salesman has described his efforts to sell a study to the toughest market in Washington, the State Department's Policy Planning Staff. "They say they can get practically all the studies they want out of their own research division," he said, "plus an occasional specialized contract to M.I.T. or some individual. But to tell the truth, I think it is more than that. State doesn't believe in contingency planning like the military, and where there is no planning there can be no study contracts."

His conclusion is certainly dubious, but there is no doubt that in its quiet but stubborn competition with the Pentagon, the State Department has found reasons to be somewhat wary of contracted advice. The Pentagon's research studies are obviously intended, at least in part, to buttress its claims to an increasing share in the making of policy. The Defense Department, it should be noted, has new contracts for disarmament studies by M.I.T., the Institute for Defense Analysis, and RAND.

Who Reads the Stuff?

In the advice business, as in other manufacturing enterprises, it frequently seems that nothing succeeds like success. Once an idea has been advanced and generally accepted, it tends to become a fad, and the subject of still further studies and publicity. This was certainly true of the concept of arms control. Four years ago, it was conspicuously frowned on. Today it is high fashion, the subject of books, articles, conferences, and studies of all kinds. Unfortunately, such faddism tends to bring to the fore those whose intelligence is more supple than profound. Take, for example, the (somewhat censored) case of Analyst X.

Analyst X, who works for a private corporation, started with a small contract from a government-supported advisory group. At first he was against arms control—until arms control became popular. Later on, he was all over the country sitting on panels to expound and defend it. He was able to give the illusion of talking science before nonscientists, and social science before scientific types. But his greatest asset lies in what one of his colleagues has described as "an outstanding ability to crash through open doors." This talent has proved to be a profitable one.

It doesn't take much talent to ride a trend. But to reverse or criticize a policy already in effect is something else again. And while the analyst is often called upon to advise on policy positions before an official

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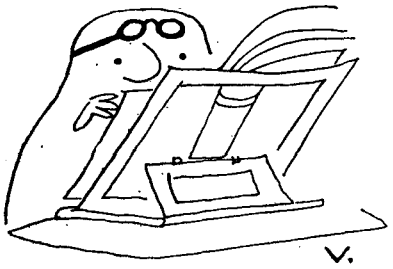
decision has been made and a reputation staked on it, he is not nearly so often called upon to review a position. Of course, a Congressional committee may ask an analyst to take a critical view of the policy of the Executive Branch. Or a new administration may ask the analysts to review old policy. But those who earn their living as professional advisers are rarely encouraged to criticize the



policy of those who provide their bread and butter. What is surprising is the number of times they are willing to take the risk. Evidence of this sort of professional courage is frequently entombed in government files, which are filled with studies that have been supressed solely because they were critical of established policy.

As distinguished from the managerial officials who run his corporation, the working analyst often feels that he is not only a prophet without honor but one who can't even seem to get anyone to listen to him. If he is convinced of the importance of what he has to say, he either—at some risk to his job security—takes to the lecture circuit or writes a book, as Herman Kahn has done, or he buttonholes people in the Pentagon, or whispers in the ear of a congressman if he can find one who will hear him out.

For his bosses the problem is often much more simple. Those who run the problem-analysis corporations, particularly the government-subsidized organizations, usually have impressive contacts in the world of high policy. They often sit on various scientific advisory boards—perhaps even the President's. Their friends are political appointees, the chiefs of the several services, and high-ranking members of influential Congressional committees. Supported by the impressive studies of their underlings, these men, who are themselves usually scientists and engineers of high repute, can and do play a decisive role in the selection of the major weapon systems that determine our defense policies. Such was the case with Polaris, which was originally "sold" to the Navy chiefs and the White House by outside individuals such as these.

One important reason why personal promotion is important in the advice business is that the reports themselves often go unread—even by other analysts. While there is an abundance of buyers and an abundance of sellers, there is only a handful of consumers. Who has time to read a study report that more often than not looks as big as a metropolitan phone directory anyway? Former Secretary of Defense McElroy once became furious upon discovering that he had not seen an expensive study of air defense until several months after it was finished. But as an assistant remarked, "How did I know he had not seen it, or wanted to see it, even that he should see it?"

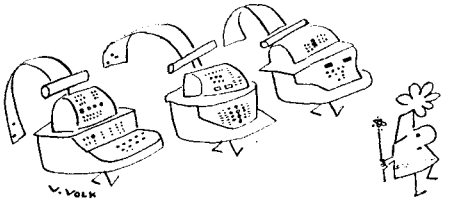
The Brass's Brain Trust

There is no doubt that those who specialize in giving advice to the government have made a number of valuable contributions to the national welfare. But in one respect, problem-analysis corporations, whether privately or Federally controlled, have—until recently at least—constituted a problem in themselves to Washington. Between them they have directly or indirectly drained away from government service a considerable number of specialists whom the government could have used to advantage within its own departments. And in a way the government has been encouraging the pilferage. In all the subsidized government corporations, salaries are comparable to those in industry. The same man who in civil service will get a salary of from $11,000 to $13,000 can command from $15,000 to $18,000 as a starter from a government subsidiary, and can look forward to making a good deal more than the $25,000 that the Secretary of Defense now receives. Retirement plans are much better, vacations are longer, and working hours are more flexible in the government subsidiaries than in the civil service. The corporation man travels first class, while the civil servant, to whom, incidentally, he may report, travels second class.

There are signs, however, that under the Kennedy administration a reversal of this trend may be getting under way. Charles Hitch, a senior economic analyst at RAND, has been appointed Comptroller of the Defense Department, and he has brought in ten other experts from RAND. Three top officials of the Aerospace Corporation have been tapped for government service: Roswell B. Gilpatric, its board chairman, is now Deputy Secretary of Defense; Dr. Jerome B. Wiesner, a trustee, is now Special Assistant to the President for Science and Technology; and Najeeb E. Halaby, its treasurer and general counsel, has been appointed administrator of the Federal Aviation Administration.

OVER THE NEXT few years, the expert analysis of institutional problems is certainly going to be increasingly important to national security. Research costs, including both technical and policy studies, have already grown from $750 million in 1940 to roughly $12 billion in 1960, and the growth is bound to continue.

In both the First and Second World Wars, production was the



backbone of national defense. In the period since the Second World War, military security has depended in large measure on the development of new weapons. The solution of specialized military problems, ranging from nuts-and-bolts technology to the highest realms of policy, has quite properly been recognized as a job that requires the best brains, both inside and outside the government. The Federal government—and especially the Defense Department—has a clear responsibility to get the best advice available. There is also, of course, an equal responsibility to make sure that the advice is used both efficiently and wisely by those who must make the final decision.

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Crypto-Gaullism On the French Left

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

THE RECENT three-day session of the French Communist Party's Central Committee reveals an interesting disarray that has developed among local Communists and fellow travelers during the last few weeks. Marcel Servin, who as "organizational secretary" had long been the party's key administrative officer, and Laurent Casanova, who headed the Peace Movement, the most important front organization in France, were both put on trial before their peers for what might be termed crypto-Gaullist deviations in regard to the recent referendum on Algeria.

Both defendants refused to recant, although in accordance with party etiquette they eventually signed a unanimous resolution condemning their "opportunistic" heresy. Servin, a wiry, sardonic-looking former railway worker and wartime Resistance leader, started a ritual self-criticism but then spoiled it by saying: "Like everybody else, I am more or less stubborn. When I have an idea in my head, I look for arguments to back it up." This, as Maurice Thorez, the apparently indestructible secretary-general of the party, pointed out later, was a completely un-Marxist attitude. But Servin's lapse into the thought and speech patterns of normal humanity is by no means the only symptom of ideological erosion in the French party. The present disturbance, like others that have rocked the party since 1930, is above all a power struggle among its top bureaucrats: Servin in particular has long been regarded as a likely successor to Thorez. That is not the whole story, however. There are some unusual features in the background of the latest crisis which, though perhaps less violent than earlier ones, may turn out to have more far-reaching implications.

A number of French Communist intellectuals have already torn up their party cards in disgust with Thorez' dictatorial rule. According to an informed but possibly extreme estimate by Auguste Lecoeur, the chief victim of the next-to-last Communist purge, total membership is down from a peak of 900,000 in 1946 to less than 200,000 today. Other intellectuals—among them the novelist and Resistance poet Louis Aragon, a friend of Laurent Casanova—are threatened with excommunication. The main front organizations are in turmoil if not in revolt. There are hints of an impending schism in the powerful Confédération Générale du Travail (CGT), the Communist-controlled labor organization. It is sufficient to read the strangely lukewarm resolutions of confidence in the party leadership emanating from the various provincial federations—each the particular fief of some member of the Central Committee—to realize that the two alleged heretics have a strong and mutinous following. All this could lead in time either to the overthrow of the dominant Thorez faction or to the worst split in the history of the French party.

Day after day in the party press, leading Communist spokesmen—Thorez, Jacques Duclos, François Billoux, Etienne Fajon, Waldeck-Rochet, etc.—keep on attacking the deviationists, but the tone is curiously restrained. Duclos in a recent article even admitted that Servin and Casanova had up to then respected party discipline. "But discipline," he insisted, "is no substitute for conviction."

The refusal of the orthodox party press to publish what Servin and Casanova said in their own defense at the meeting of the Central Committee, or even to specify in concrete terms exactly where the two strayed from the party line, shows that Thorez and his henchmen do not feel wholly secure. French political observers suspect that Casanova and Servin will be eased out of their party jobs—both are now on sick leave—but for the time being will not be banished from the party. The real showdown is yet to come.

Translated out of Communist jargon, the basic party charges against Servin, Casanova, and the other heretics is that they are soft on Gaullism, which they failed to recognize as nothing more than an expression of monopoly capitalism. Starting from this original error, some of the culprits drew fallacious distinctions between the sinister forces of international capitalism and a less pernicious French variety that supports de Gaulle. An even graver deviation, Thorez explained in his speech before the Central Committee, is the view that de Gaulle is somehow "above the monopolies" and is not dependent on them.

Nostalgia for Patriotism

Servin and Casanova, according to Thorez, have been misled about the true nature of Gaullism since shortly after the general's return to power in 1958, and repeated efforts to straighten them out have proved fruitless. In consequence their political morals have been going downhill. During the referendum campaign in December and January, they failed to support wholeheartedly the party decision to wage an all-out attack on de Gaulle's Algerian policy. After the vote, in which seventy-five per cent of the electorate supported de Gaulle, they had the temerity to criticize the party leadership for its conduct of the campaign.

Though it is a standard technique of Communist leadership in all countries to find some scapegoat for every party setback, the specific accusations against the principal victims in this case corroborate reports of strong resistance to the party line on the referendum issue in the Peace Movement, in the Communist-controlled women's organizations, in the CGT, among intellectuals who normally accept the party's guidance, and even in a number of party cells or sections. It is significant that both Servin and Casanova are identified with the

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party's wartime underground, the survivors of which sometimes betray a nostalgia for the patriotic camaraderie of the Resistance—as against Thorez' faction, composed partly of holdovers from the prewar Popular Front, partly of ambitious young people trained in party work since the war.

'Peace . . . a Hard Blow'

Of course, no Communists or even fellow travelers admit that they have any sympathy for Gaullism as a doctrine. In fact, one of the specific charges against Servin and Casanova is that last fall they tried to involve the party in a violent street demonstration against the government's Algerian policy organized by the non-Communist Left, and that they sympathized with the left-wing intellectuals' campaign in favor of desertion from the army, which the party condemned.

The inconsistency is more apparent than real. The most rabid French leftists feel the pull of de Gaulle's magnetism even when they consciously resist it. When—as during the war, or in crushing the Algiers insurrection last year—he seems to be renewing the Jacobin tradition of democratic nationalism, the pull often becomes irresistible.

"At heart we're all Jacobins," a militant leader of the non-Communist Left admitted to me a few weeks ago. "That means that there is a streak of chauvinism in all of us."

Thorez, whose servile obedience to the Kremlin (when he is not flirting with Peking) often obliges him to uphold the national interests of the Soviet Union rather than those of France, fully realizes the danger in what he termed "this nationalist demagoguery to which Gaullism opens the door."

The danger is all the more deadly from the Communist viewpoint now that de Gaulle is headed toward negotiations with the leaders of the Algerian nationalist rebellion. "Peace in Algeria," remarks the Socialist newspaper *Le Populaire,* "would strike a hard blow at the [C.P.] leadership since it would show up Maurice Thorez' monumental misreading both of the Gaullist régime and of the Algerian problem." Algeria all along has been the biggest obstacle to bridging the gap between de Gaulle and the French Left. If he achieves a negotiated settlement of the war—or at least convinces the country that he has done all that an honorable Frenchman could do to achieve one—the obstacle will disappear. Then the political climate will be favorable for realizing the dream of former Premier Mendès-France and other French liberals of an authentically national French labor party that would drain away the greater part of the Communists' working-class support. The emphasis de Gaulle put in his year-end TV address to the nation on making 1961 a "social year" and the apparent resurgence of left-wing Gaullism as a serious political force naturally encourage this trend.

Other background factors behind the current unrest in the French Communist Party increase its vulnerability to strains from within—provided the basic condition of an early peace in Algeria is met. One is the all too apparent cynicism with which the Kremlin seems to be trying to sabotage an acceptable peace in Algeria by supporting the extremist elements of the F.L.N. against Ferhat Abbas's more moderate faction. The thinly disguised hostility of the French Communist press to the peacemaking role of Tunisia's President Habib Bourguiba, formerly hailed as a champion of anti-colonialism, is a clear indication of the present Soviet policy in North Africa.

CASANOVA and Servin, especially the former, had long been identified with Soviet Ambassador Sergei Vinogradov's policy of trying to wean de Gaulle from the Atlantic alliance. Both men had powerful friends in the Kremlin, and last year Casanova won a Lenin Peace Prize. This should have made him invulnerable, and for a long time it did. The obvious fact that he is no longer invulnerable is taken in well-informed left-wing circles here to indicate that there has been a radical change in Soviet foreign policy since Khrushchev's visit to France last spring. Khrushchev is no longer interested in wooing de Gaulle, and it is feared that his new policy of backing the most revolutionary wing of North African nationalism will mean chronic conflict with French, and for that matter American, interests in the area.

The rivalry between Moscow and Peking for leadership of the Communist world is also involved. Thorez, who for some time had vainly been seeking a free hand in dealing with Casanova, is said to have made a deal with Khrushchev at the meeting of the eighty-one Communist parties in Moscow last fall. In return for French support of the Kremlin's position in the dispute with Peking, Khrushchev allegedly abandoned his former protégé, Casanova, along with Servin, to his fate. This has doubly annoyed the Chinese, because while Thorez' hard line sounds closer in mood to Peking's than to the Kremlin's, the real "Peking clique" in the French Communist Party—a clandestine but seemingly rather important group—is thought to include some members of the new opposition. In fact, there have been rumors that Servin himself had some connection with it.

Two Reports from Moscow

Soviet anti-Semitism is another factor contributing to demoralization among Communist or fellow-traveling French intellectuals. Wartime memories make the French left-wing conscience especially sensitive to the problem, and the only effective answer that the party has found to questions or protests relating to it has been to admit confidentially that there is a little anti-Semitism in the Soviet Union but to claim that it is rapidly disappearing now that Stalin is out of the way.

A visit to Moscow in 1958 by three Jewish members of the French Com-

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munist Party, headed by a well-known Paris lawyer, Haim Slovès—who in defiance of a party ban published his gloomy findings in a Yiddish monthly—largely cut the ground from under these claims. Last month another prominent Jewish lawyer here, a member of the France-U.S.S.R. Committee, returned from the Soviet Union, where he had a long, fruitless talk with Presidium member Yekaterina Furtseva—and deepened the gloom in Communist or fellow-traveling Jewish circles here by his conclusions. It is also reported in these circles that at the meeting of the eighty-one Communist Parties in November the Chinese delegation, undeterred by Peking's support of Arab anti-Semitism, laùnched a biting attack on the Sovet variety, which impressed western Communist intellectuals with the seriousness of the issue.

Finally there is the ghost of Stalin. Under Thorez' dictatorship the French Communist Party has remained what it was in Stalin's day, hardly rendering even lip service to the slogans of de-Stalinization that have helped to check the party's decline in other countries. Several of Khrushchev's advisers are reported to be unhappy over this situation and to have counseled continued protection of the opposition faction here, in the hope that it would put some pressure on Thorez to accept at least a mild renovation. By finally sacrificing the opposition and giving what seems to be unconditional support to the worn-out and discredited Thorez clique, it is possible that Khrushchev has prepared the way for an eventual Communist political debacle.

Probably more leaders of Afro-Asian nationalism have been formed in the Sorbonne and other western universities than in Moscow's Lenin University, and Paris remains one of the great ideological poles of the world. A major break between Soviet Communism and French left-wing intellectualism, with its queer muddle of Marxist, Jacobin, and anarchist traditions, coinciding with a reconciliation between the French left wing and the moderate elements of North African nationalism, would have a deep political impact—not only in Europe but in Asia, Africa, and Latin America as well.

Poverty in America: What Will Congress Do?

SAR A. LEVITAN

A SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT from West Virginia testified recently before a Congressional committee that children in his district often come to school without breakfast because there is no food at home. The only full meal that they have is the hot lunch provided by the schools, and the children even save part of their lunch to share with members of their family. An eastern Kentucky congressman told of hundreds of children in his district failing to attend school because they lack adequate clothing and shoes.

The Presidential election campaign provided our national leaders with ample opportunity to go out and, as Lyndon Johnson put it, "taste, smell, and hear" the misery that haunts dozens of communities. This has prepared the way for action. President Kennedy is committed to giving depressed-area legislation "the most important domestic priority." Secretary of Labor Arthur J. Goldberg says: "We are conscious that unemployment is not only a statistic . . . it's a human problem affecting the lives of men, women, and children.

Why Depressed Areas?

A major factor accounting for depressed conditions in most of the urban communities has been a lack of industrial diversification. Dependence upon one industry can be fatal. Technological changes, reversal in consumer demand, shifts in plant location, and depletion of resources can strip these communities of their job sources almost overnight or else strangle them slowly.

Profound technological changes resulting in greatly increased productivity in coal mining, accompanied by a decline in the nation's demand for coal, have wrought economic havoc in the bituminous mining areas of Pennsylvania, eastern Kentucky, West Virginia, and southern Illinois. The American homeowner's switch from the coal stoker to the oil or gas furnace has slashed de-

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mand for anthracite and left miners idle in Scranton, the nation's anthracite center. Some 150 miles to the west, in Altoona, where the production and maintenance of steam locomotives was a major source of employment, the triumph of the diesel engine—now so complete that last year the railroads consumed less than two million tons of coal (as against 132 million tons in 1944)—has created a gaping employment hole in the city. The decline in coal consumption by the railroads meant a loss of some fifty thousand jobs for bituminous coal miners at their present rates of production.

Examples like these can be multiplied at will. In hundreds of communities in the United States, only one or two companies provide more than half the manufacturing jobs. This is not to say that every one of them faces high unemployment. Many of the companies can easily adjust production to changes in demand for a given product or commodity. However, these areas are prime candidates for distress even when the economy as a whole is making out well.

Let us take the experience of Sanford, Maine, as an example of a community depending upon one employer for a large percentage of its total employment. A mill producing woolen goods was its economic base. It closed in 1954. Since then more than one out of every eight workers in the city has remained unemployed. Efforts by business, labor, and civic leaders to attract new industry have been as unceasing as they have been unsuccessful.

The Limits of Self-Help

From Sanford, Maine, to Detroit, Michigan; from a one-mill textile town to a major industrial complex, the same factors are at work. Automation and dispersal of production has left a tenth of Detroit's workers unemployed during the past three years. More recently they have shared this experience with the major steel-producing areas in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. Indeed, unless demand for steel revives markedly, the industrial heart of the nation may become scarred with areas of chronic unemployment.

The official count is kept by the U.S. Department of Labor. It now classifies twenty major cities, equal to one out of every seven major labor-market areas—cities with a population of fifty thousand or more—as having "substantial and persistent labor surplus." ("Persistent" is the word that carries the sting here.) Some eighty smaller centers are listed too. Altogether about a hundred cities, scattered among almost half the states of the Union and with a total labor force of more than six million, are now experiencing continued high unemployment. Average unemployment in these cities exceeds ten per cent; in some it is twenty per cent. In the past three years the number of these distressed areas has increased steadily.

How about rural distress? On small and marginal farms there always is *some* work. But such partial employment wastes human resources and is a thin disguise for unemployment. Depletion of resources, uneconomic size of farm units, inability to keep pace with technological advances, inadequate off-farm employment opportunities, and inadequate educational and vocational training—these in the general framework of an overextended farm economy are among the causes of rural distress. The nation's three hundred rural counties of lowest income have a total population of six million. Per capita income in these counties stagnates at about one-fourth of the national average.

All in all, more than a tenth of the American people live in chronic labor-surplus areas.

Practically all the distressed industrial communities and many of the low-income rural areas have tried to attract new industry and broaden their economic base. They are motivated by one objective—the creation of new jobs. Experience has shown, however, that once a community becomes prey to chronic unemployment, "Operation Bootstrap" rarely works. Outside help is crucial. For example, in Hazleton, Luzerne County, Pennsylvania, a depressed anthracite town, the civic leaders raised $6 million which helped create three thousand new jobs. Yet one out of every seven workers in Hazleton is still jobless. "Outside assistance which would accelerate the Hazleton program seems warranted," a Commerce Department study concluded in 1959 in typically guarded bureaucratese.

Theoretically, moving on to greener pastures may seem a solution. In practice, however, it is of limited use. Experience shows that workers, particularly older ones, have strong roots in their communities; distressed or not, they are at home. Migration to new areas is difficult for them, often impractical. Their skills, no longer wanted in their own communities, are equally useless in seeking jobs elsewhere. Workers who do venture forth and find work often are the first victims of a downturn in business. Their precarious hold on the new environment gone, they tend to return home, aggravating anew the unemployment and relief problems in the depressed areas. And of course in the last few years, with unemployment on the rise throughout the country, job opportunities for workers from such areas in more prosperous communities have declined sharply.

Besides, such migration involves a host of problems. The uprooted worker and his family increase pressure on housing, schools, churches, and recreational facilities in the new area, while facilities in the old place, poor as they are, remain underutilized and are often abandoned. Workers willing to pack up and go often find it impossible to sell their homes at all, let alone obtain a fair price. Whatever migration does occur only serves to further darken the horizon for those who stay behind.

The Douglas Bill

It was Senator Paul H. Douglas who in 1955 introduced the first bill to aid chronic labor-surplus areas and thus fired the opening shot in what has turned out to be a long and tedious series of legislative engagements. The basic purpose of the legislation has never varied; it is to create jobs in distressed areas. The ingredients are essentially these:

¶ *Self-analysis.* A community's development organization must have comprehensive knowledge about its current and potential resources, both physical and human. Armed with an inventory of its resources, a community can discuss its advantages with a prospective entrepreneur on a specific and factual basis, and can indicate the kind of industries the

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local industrial development committee should try to attract. Frequently, communities need guidance and aid in assessing their potential. The Douglas bill would provide such assistance.

¶ *Supply of capital.* Lack of capital is a major obstacle to the recovery of labor-surplus areas. Testimony presented before the Douglas subcommittee over the past five years, filling more than 3,900 closely printed pages, provides ample evidence that traditional lending institutions in depressed areas are less venturesome than their counterparts in expanding communities.

Douglas would have the Federal government provide prospective employers with part of the needed long-term capital at low interest rates, the balance to be furnished by state and local government sources, and, of course, by the entrepreneur himself.

¶ *Public facilities.* Distressed areas often lack facilities without which industry simply will not "bite" (water, power, roads, schools, etc.). A frequent reason is the deteriorated tax base and chronic low income of the citizenry. To improve facilities, the Douglas bill would provide for the creation of a separate fund from which communities could obtain credit or, in extreme cases, grants, depending upon the ability of the community and the state to contribute.

¶ *Training.* In low-income rural areas, industrial skills have never been developed. In others, the market for given skills has vanished. Douglas's answer is to allocate additional Federal funds to chronic labor-surplus areas for financing wider vocational training and retraining. This would be a new departure only in its scale and direction, for the Federal government has participated in vocational training programs since the First World War. The shape of specific programs would be determined by the needs of new or potential industries that might locate in the community.

Unemployed workers undergoing training who are not already receiving unemployment-insurance benefits would receive subsistence payments equal to the average unemployment benefits in their states. The payments would be limited to sixteen weeks: and until its effectiveness was proved, the program would be attempted on a limited experimental basis only.

These, in brief, are the major components of the Douglas program, a veteran of Congressional hearings and votes and of Presidential vetoes. Its proponents find it desirable from a humanitarian point of view and recommend it for sound economic reasons. Economic recession has a snowballing effect: declining activity in one area spreads to other areas. As for the costs of rehabilitating a depressed area, according to Douglas's supporters they would be more than offset by decreasing expenditures for unemployment and relief outlays, and by an increased tax base resulting from improved economic conditions.

The Debate

But there are many voices in opposition to the proposed legislation. Some see in it an extension of the welfare state and undue interference with free-market forces. A more sophisticated economic argument is that aid from Washington would not resolve the complex economic factors that create chronic labor-surplus areas in the first place. On the contrary, a Federal program that encourages people to remain in a community that has lost the economic base to support them will not only fail to help these localities but will compound their social and economic difficulties.

To the assertion that the legislation is merely an extension of the principles of the Employment Act of 1946, which requires the government to establish an environment conducive to maximum employment and production, opponents retort that requiring Federal expenditures for the establishment of jobs in selected areas is the first step in a program that would require the Federal government to provide jobs to persons seeking work anywhere.

But the battle has by no means been fought on lofty philosophical grounds alone. More immediate practical factors have played an important role. By its very nature the legislation would extend help only to selected areas. Some congressmen simply refuse to vote for legislation that may encourage potential employers to locate in areas other than their own. In a period of economic slack and rising unemployment, this may have been a decisive consideration. Certainly, such pressure from back home has been exerted on many a supporter of the Douglas bill.

Other critics have suggested that the Douglas measure would encourage established industry in more prosperous communities to relocate in the areas favored by the legislation, in order to "get at the pork barrel." This is the runaway-shop argument. The Douglas bill tackles it by denying assistance to firms that relocate in distressed areas if thereby they substantially reduce employment elsewhere. The opposition replies that under this provision an employer could still, with Federal aid, establish a branch in a distressed area and then transfer his activities to the new community. Perhaps he could. But it is difficult to argue both this point and the ineffectiveness of the whole effort.

That the majority of Southern congressmen have voted against the Area Redevelopment legislation, although many of their districts would qualify for assistance, is less strange than it may seem at first glance. Their animosity is made up of one part general hostility to Federal welfare legislation and one part shrewd economics. Many of them believe that the combination of low wages and rich natural resources will stimulate expansion of industry in the South without Federal aid. They may have felt, therefore, that Federal legislation to entice industry into distressed areas would not necessarily work in favor of the South in the long run, since industry of its own accord would choose the low-income Southern areas for new plants.

What Does It Cost?

It has been suggested by some proponents of aid to depressed areas that the Douglas program is entirely too skimpy; that the proposed grants for the development of public facilities are totally inadequate for developing roads, assuring industrial water supply, and constructing sewers and improved public facilities, all of which are essential for the sound economic development of the Appalachian region and other more or less undeveloped areas. It is therefore

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doubted whether the Douglas program would effectively aid the distressed areas in West Virginia or eastern Kentucky. A more comprehensive program may be needed in such areas.

The extent to which the price tag of the Douglas legislation has been a real or pretended block to its passage is not clear. Certainly there has been a great deal of misinformation and misunderstanding about the true cost. The bill would authorize a total of $389.5 million in loans and grants. Opponents have, however, failed to distinguish between the loans and the grants. Of the total funds required, $300 million would be paid out as loans and only a maximum of $90 million would be made available during the first year after the legislation was passed.

The interest rate charged would be in excess of what the Federal government pays for borrowed funds; a further charge would be allocated to a sinking fund to make up for defaulted loans. Some thirty years of experience with the Reconstruction Finance Corporation (created by President Hoover), housing loans, and loans to small business show that few loans are defaulted.

The annual expenditures that Douglas favors would include $4.5 million for technical assistance and $10 million for subsistence payments to workers and costs of administering the program. In addition, the bill provides $75 million for investments to develop public facilities in the most seriously depressed areas—but this would be a one-shot affair; and only $10 million of this amount could be spent during the first year.

But the initial expenditures have been called misleading. Opposition forces see in the Douglas bill the proverbial camel's nose. To Howard W. Smith, chairman of the House Rules Committee, the Douglas bill is "a pipe dream"; to him it would be utterly unrealistic to expect that the funds sought by Douglas would achieve their purpose. Above all, the opposition fears that once established, the bill would lead to further expenditures, harder to beat down.

This may have been the underlying factor accounting for the adamant position of the Eisenhower administration. In 1955, the President's annual economic report viewed adjustment problems of depressed areas as a local matter. A year later, as concern for the fate of these areas mounted, President Eisenhower's economic advisers conceded that "the fact of distressed communities is a matter of national as well as local concern." This concern found expression in an administration-sponsored bill that would have provided for a $50-million loan fund and just $1.5 million for technical assistance. By 1960, before the Presidential election, the Eisenhower administration had raised the ante to a $75-million revolving fund for loans and $5 million in annual expenditures for technical assistance and vocational training. Yet it persisted in opposing the "frills" in the Douglas proposal that would make loans and grants for public facilities and provide subsistence payments to persons undergoing training.

Concern expressed by both the Presidential candidates and by members of both Senate and House produced a 1960 version of the 1955 bill. In it, the appropriations Douglas had originally proposed were trimmed by more than a third, but the basic approach and programs were left unchanged. The Senate accepted the House bill. But even this bill proved unacceptable to President Eisenhower, and he vetoed it—just as he had a similar bill in 1958. Under his leadership, the minority opposing the bill was large enough to sustain the Presidential veto.

Things have moved fast since November 8. During the campaign, Senator Kennedy omitted no occasion to call for an effective program of aid to depressed areas. There was never any doubt that if elected he would honor that promise.

Senator Douglas was asked to head a special task force to prepare an immediate program. The importance President Kennedy attaches to the depressed areas is obvious; he singled out the formation of the Douglas task force for public announcement. In accepting the appointment, Senator Douglas indicated that he intends to move without delay: "There is a time for study and contemplation, and there is a time for action. I believe strongly that the time for action is now." Three weeks later Douglas had delivered his program to the then President-elect, and when the Eighty-seventh Congress convened he lost little time in reintroducing the $389.5-million Area Redevelopment bill he had favored all along. Because of its importance to the Democratic leadership, it was given the coveted number S.1. Senate hearings were held even before the inauguration. President Kennedy's first Executive order—an order to increase and improve the food rations distributed to some four million needy persons—indicates the extent of his concern better than any campaign speech could.

The First Step

The last time around, the Area Redevelopment bill passed the Eighty-sixth Congress by a narrow margin before it was vetoed. Since then, twenty-five Democratic representatives who voted for the bill have lost their seats to Republicans, many of whom will no doubt oppose the bill. But it is unlikely that the conservatives in the Eighty-seventh Congress will be sufficiently strengthened to block it, particularly in view of the fact that the majority of the enlarged House Rules Committee now favors the bill. To assertions that the proposed legislation is too skimpy, Senator Douglas replies with a Chinese proverb: "A thousand-mile journey begins with a single step." With strong Presidential backing now assured, the odds are that the country is about to take that all-important first step.

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The Danes' Dilemma

NIELS NORLUND

COPENHAGEN

WE DANES seem to be developing a petulant yen for grumbling, Prime Minister Viggo Kampmann told a national gathering of newspaper editors in Copenhagen a few weeks ago. "We are getting querulous and quarrelsome, and petty intolerance is too often pushing serious business and important tasks to the background."

He complained of a spreading selfishness and cynicism in the welfare state of Denmark, and well he might. Over the last thirty years his Social Democratic Party has done more than any other party to secure an even division of wealth and prosperity with full employment and fairly reasonable taxation. And yet this socially conscientious policy has brought out the nagging, bickering traits of the Danish character instead of developing its gentler sides. There may be a simple psychological explanation: people want to be looked after but they hate to *feel* looked after. Not that Kampmann was trying to explain; he was merely complaining.

This was his way of pleading with the press for a letup in partisan criticism. He had just come through his first general election as the leader of the Social Democrats and been returned to office with a working majority of a single vote in the Folketing, the Danish lower house. The election had been a freak. The long-ostracized Communist Party lost its parliamentary representation, but a new fellow-traveling Socialist People's Party, led by purged Communists and preaching unilateral disarmament, had achieved a surprising success. It came into the Folketing with twice the strength the Communists had before them. There seemed to be plenty of trouble ahead, and Kampmann needed a breather.

He is sure to run into trouble with the new Socialists in the domestic field in the near future, because the general agreement covering the entire labor market is up for renegotiation. Collective bargaining has started, and if labor and management fail to reach an agreement the state mediator must produce a compromise. If this is not acceptable to both parties in a referendum, the painful tradition is that the Folketing makes the compromise settlement into law. The new Socialists, however, will probably work to defeat any dilution of labor's demands, so that the onus of making the compromise into law against the will of labor will fall on Kampmann. If he is not willing to run that partisan risk, Denmark may be in for an extended strike situation next spring. And if that happens, his coalition government may break up.

In the foreign-policy field, another warning of trouble comes with the news from Paris of the impending reappraisal of NATO's nuclear defenses. Again it may be a case of being damned-if-I-do-and-damned-if-I-don't for Kampmann.

VIGGO KAMPMANN is fifty years old, and in comparison to his cabinet colleagues a newcomer to Danish politics. He is an economist and was a civil servant, albeit politically appointed, until he became minister of finance seven years ago. Last February, upon the death of Prime Minister H. C. Hansen, he took over the leadership of party and government and proceeded with deliberate speed to call an autumn election. He could have delayed it until May, 1961, but then the election campaign would have become involved with the labor situation.

The government he inherited from Hansen was Denmark's first majority government since the war. For twelve years the country had been governed by a succession of four minority governments, and quite happily at that. The pendulum had been swinging regularly between the Liberal-Conservative group of farmers and businessmen and the Social Democrats, as undoctrinaire a socialist party as there is in Scandinavia. The minority governments provided the country with effective if unexciting middle-of-the-road policies. Compromise was the order of the day. It was a useful sharing of responsibility for everybody during the postwar period of austerity, and it had become a comfortable habit by 1949, when the country faced the dilemma of whether or not to join the Atlantic Pact.

The decision to join was the responsibility of the Social Democratic government of the late Hans Hedtoft. NATO was wholeheartedly supported by the Liberal and Conservative opposition, but it took courage for the Social Democrats to reverse openly their whole tradition of anti-militarism and neutralism, which still lingered even after the

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humiliating experience of a German blitz occupation. It is open to question whether the Social Democratic leaders would have shown equal political courage had they been in opposition at the time. At all events, the responsibility was forced upon them and they lived up to it. An undercurrent of dissatisfaction, however, has been discernible within the party ever since, and official party policy has been aimed at paying the minimum price for maintaining Denmark's good standing within NATO.

Priorities change with personalities. In 1955 Hansen became prime minister, while retaining his old office as foreign minister. Hansen wanted to be strong enough to lay down a personal foreign policy, and he wanted that policy to be a definite and distinct contribution to the relaxation of international tension. He aimed at re-establishing a system of majority government in Denmark and he stuck to his guns, which turned out to be strictly conventional weapons.

No Nuclear Nonsense

Prime Minister Hansen wanted to restore the prewar coalition between the Social Democrats and the so-called Radical Liberal Party, a hodgepodge of intellectuals, civil servants, and smallholders that split off from the farmers' Liberal Party early in the century. This coalition had governed Denmark during part of the 1920's and throughout the 1930's on a program of social reform. Its foreign policy had been based on strict neutrality and its defense policy on an attitude of "What's the use?"

It took some doing to restore this coalition, partly because it did not yield enough votes for a working majority after the election of 1957—that problem was solved by the inclusion of the Single Tax Party in the coalition—but mostly because the smaller parties in the coalition had voted against ratification of the North Atlantic Treaty in 1949. Nevertheless, Hansen set his price and got his majority. He gave a tacit promise that no nuclear arms would be accepted in the Danish defense system by his government. The Radical Liberals, thus safe from the risk of sharing what they considered a moral and politically dangerous stigma, agreed to accept NATO as a fact of life and the foundation of government policy.

Hansen paid up at the NATO summit meeting of December, 1957, when the heads of government decided to introduce nuclear arms and IRBMs into the European defense system. In a policy agreed upon with the Norwegian Labor government, Hansen did not veto the introduction of nuclear weapons as such, but he barred any and all nuclear warheads from NATO's northern flank. Jupiter and Thor missiles would not be accepted either—only Honest John and Nike, and then only with conventional warheads.

No doubt this policy was influenced, as were most European socialist policies in the period just after the first Sputnik, by the lectures of George Kennan over the BBC. The idea of a nuclear-free zone in Central Europe, conceivably extending in the north to Scandinavia, had great appeal, and the Danish and Norwegian governments were then as now the only labor-dominated governments inside NATO. Quite apart from domestic considerations, this Danish-Norwegian policy was undoubtedly meant to be a genuine attempt to relax tensions by establishing an undeclared

nuclear-free zone in the north and thus easing the way for possible progress toward nuclear disengagement.

The official Danish reason had, however, an unintended note of appeasement to it. It is a historical fact, Hansen told the Folketing, that "defense measures in our geographical area tend to bring about especially strong reactions from the eastern bloc," and "We should refrain from measures which—even without justification—could be viewed as a provocation. . ."

THAT, OF COURSE, was laying the country open to blackmail, since any kind of defense activity can without justification be viewed as a provocation. But it is this line of policy that has been followed ever since Hansen's speech, even to the extent of calling off a scheduled courtesy visit to Copenhagen by the U.S. nuclear submarine *Skate*—for reasons of public safety.

It is, however, a policy strictly limited to the homeland of Denmark. Greenland, which is an outlying but integrated part of the Danish realm, fully represented in the Folketing, has never been covered by the doctrine of no provocation. Danish-American defense co-operation has been developing without the slightest hitch north of the Arctic Circle, and the gigantic radar installations at Thule are a distinct NATO contribution to the security of the North American continent.

BUT IN Denmark proper, the government's NATO policy has unmistakably influenced public opinion. Danish politicians have never been more eager to move out ahead of public opinion than parliamentarians anywhere; if they *have* done so, unwittingly, during these last few years, it has been in a retreat into moral disarmament. The Gallup Institute, which checks regularly on the attitude of the Danish public toward NATO, has found a weakening of positive support during the last four years. When the Atlantic Pact was signed in 1949, just about half of the population was for it and a quarter against. The negative attitude had been steadily dwindling to a hard core of ten per cent, while support of NATO rose to an all-time high of two-thirds of the population in the Sputnik period of 1957. Since then, support of NATO has eroded to one-third of the people in 1960, with a slight gain after the breakdown of the summit meeting in May. Fully half of the Danish public have become "don't knows," who look upon NATO with apathy rather than antipathy.

Last spring, when the Radical Liberal Party supported a somewhat enlarged defense budget, the Danish government and Folketing had been sternly advised by SHAPE and definitely told by the Danish joint chiefs of staff that without nuclear weapons the defense of Denmark would not be feasible. The opposition made a last-ditch stand in support of the military view, but the government ruled out any nu-

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clear arms "in the present circumstances"—their one escape hatch to the future. Instead of reaching for the moon, the joint chiefs of staff and the opposition parties resigned themselves to "the present circumstances" as an advance, however modest. All except the Communists signed the compromise budget, acclaiming the historic conversion of the Radical Liberals from their traditional defense nihilism, and not a nuclear word was said.

To the public, it seemed that it wasn't really necessary, after all, to take the advice of SHAPE or the protestations of the joint chiefs too seriously. If the country could be defended conventionally, why all the fuss from Paris?

Mr. Larsen Sheds His Slough

During last fall's election campaign, nuclear defense was not raised as an issue against the government. It was mostly the other way around: the Radical Liberals pointed with pride to the influence they had exerted against it.

The election was fought on bread-and-butter issues. The government had ridden the crest of general European prosperity; the Social Democrats could point to the passage of a major welfare reform—old-age pensions for everybody regardless of income—and give promises of more to come. The opposition campaigned for lower taxes and less state interference without tampering with established welfare schemes.

The Communists, a vanishing race since Hungary, campaigned against West German rearmament; and their former chairman, Aksel Larsen, ran a lonesome race, a sort of sentimental journey, on his private platform of unilateral Danish disarmament. His line was that Denmark might effect a psychological breakthrough for disarmament if it struck out on its own with total disarmament; anyway, even if other nations did not follow suit, defense expenditure was a waste of good money because "Denmark cannot be defended." All this money would be much better spent on state subsidies for students to eliminate economic discrimination at the universities.

Larsen, a sixty-three-year-old former foundry worker with a rough-hewn charm and a highly developed sense of humor, had been the chairman of the Communist Party and a member of the Folketing for twenty-eight years. He had at times been at odds with the right people in Moscow, but he had faithfully laid down the party line in Denmark. His real trouble started after Hungary, when the next to the last of the fellow travelers left the party for good. Sticking to the Twentieth Soviet Party Congress thesis on different roads to socialism as elucidated by Khrushchev, he advocated a "shedding of the slough" for the Danish Communist Party and recommended the unilateral disarmament line. But 1957-1958 was no time for revisionism, and Larsen had to be purged by a *deus ex machina Moscovitica* in the person of party secretary Pyotr Pospelov, who himself has been removed since then. The party then tried to make Larsen resign his seat in the Folketing, but he refused. He wanted a last fling and set himself up as a one-man Socialist People's Party.

Larsen is one of the best parliamentarians in the Folketing, and there was genuine regret, along with relief, at the prospect of his departure. But there did not seem any way around it. The Danish election law carries a minimum-vote clause to keep proportional representation from degenerating into splinter parties. At least 60,000 votes are necessary for a party to get representation in the Folketing; and since the Communists had just scraped through with 75,000 votes in the last election, there did not seem to be any chance for either them or him to make it in 1960.

But Larsen not only killed off the Communists by attracting 50,000 votes from his old party; by shedding his doctrinal slough he also garnered another 100,000 votes from other parties and was returned to the Folketing with ten new-party Socialists, eight of them former Communists. This is as big a parliamentary group as the Radical Liberals now have. It gives Larsen entry to the closed Foreign Affairs Committee for the first time since Denmark joined NATO. And it puts a count with the famous name of Moltke—though he doesn't use his title—on the Danish delegation to the United Nations. To a certain extent Larsen's success is unique. A great many people undoubtedly voted for him without regard to their political beliefs. They wanted to keep *him* in the Folketing, for his salty polemics and his nuisance value. More votes probably came from disgusted anti-militarists in the Radical Liberal and Social Democratic parties, but most of Larsen's supporters seem to be former fellow travelers who for a long time have had nowhere to go. Larsen has shown them how to travel along without actually sharing a berth.

PRIME MINISTER KAMPMANN'S Social Democrats have renewed the government coalition with the reduced representation of Radical Liberals. Now that the Single Tax Party has become extinct in the Folketing, they have gained their one-vote majority by making a minister for Greenland out of a nonpartisan member from Greenland. In the new Folketing the Social Democrats have opened a vigorous campaign against Larsen's Socialists as Communists in disguise, and they seem determined to fight him and his group without the slightest political appeasement. But the Radical Liberals are alarmed at the loss they have suffered by compromising their tradition of anti-militarism, and they are making the most out of what remains to them. This time the government coalition is not built on a tacit understanding but on a publicly announced agreement, guaranteed by the Radical Liberals, not to accept either direct or indirect supplies of nuclear weapons for Danish defense.

Some newspapers of the government parties have written into this agreement a corollary that Danish policy clearly must be against any plan for making NATO into a nuclear power. But this seems to be jumping to conclusions. Presumably the agreement is limited to Denmark itself and will not preclude Denmark from agreeing to further development of the nuclear potential of the rest of NATO. Certainly nobody in the government wants to weaken NATO. There is a clear understanding that official Danish policy on nuclear weapons puts a strain on relations within the alliance, but "in the present circumstances" there is not much likelihood that the policy will be changed.

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The Twenty Strangers Of Latin America

GLADYS DELMAS

I WENT OUT to lunch in Mexico City recently with a friend who had just arrived from Argentina. He studied the menu assiduously for some minutes, then threw it down: "You order," he said. "I can't understand a word. All I want is a *bife* [Argentine for steak] with *remolacha* [Argentine for beetroot] salad."

"That's easy," I said, "*Bife* is *sirloin* here, and *remolacha* is *betabel*."

My friend's linguistic difficulty provides a homely illustration of the vast differences that separate the twenty republics we are accustomed to lump together as "Latin America." Except for Portuguese in Brazil and French in Haiti, the language spoken throughout Latin America is Spanish; but in each country it tends to be a Spanish that differs widely not only from Castilian but also from the language spoken in each other country of the hemisphere. This is due not only to the adoption of local Indian words but also to the influence of whatever foreign element has happened to be dominant in a given country.

Househunting in Mexico, I asked the agent about the number of *placardes*, an Argentine word borrowed from the French. He looked blank. I explained further. "Oh, you mean *closets*," he said. The Castilian *guardaropa* had been lost entirely.

These idiomatic variations are symptomatic of a much deeper separateness. Throughout Latin America, local newspapers give comprehensive coverage of events in Europe and the United States. The more prosperous ones have their own correspondents in London, Paris, and Washington. There are columns of chitchat about art shows in Paris, plays in New York, or Princess Margaret's clothes. But there is practically no interest at all in what is happening next door. There can be a change of cabinet in Peru without a ripple of comment in the Argentine press. As soon as one crosses a frontier, one leaves that country's trials and travails behind. Chile, Argentina, and Peru have all embarked on similar austerity programs during the past few years, but without a visit to each country individually it is impossible to compare their efforts or assess their progress. In Mexico City, out of twenty-four active members of the Association of Foreign Correspondents, only four represent Latin-American publications—and three of these work for *Visión*, a Spanish-language monthly edited in New York. Even the doings of the Organization of American States in Washington are generally ignored. To find out what is going on there, one must read the New York *Times*.

Latin Americans frequently complain that we do not pay proper attention to them. We might well reply that they do not pay much attention to themselves.

The Threat in the Lettuce Leaf

Trade among Latin-American countries is almost nonexistent. The trade routes go out from each country to their American or European markets; out with raw materials, back with agricultural or industrial supplies. It is practically impossible, for instance, to ship directly from Argentina to Mexico. Mexico imports grain, but under the existing system of communication there is little likelihood that it will be imported from Argentina, despite all the talk of a common market.

The economic separateness of the twenty republics is enhanced by mutual political mistrust. Almost all of them have border disputes pending with one or another of their neighbors—not all as explosive as that between Ecuador and Peru, but always a nagging deterrent to good-neighborly relations. The Christ of the Andes between Chile and Argentina rises more as a pious hope than an accomplished fact: territories in the Cape Horn region are still in litigation, and the wedge-shaped claims of the two countries in Antarctica overlap almost entirely.

A striking example of the economic and political factors making for separateness is to be found in the northern regions of Chile and Argentina. In northern Chile lies Antofagasta, a mining town built on burning desert sands. Just across the Andes, linked by a railroad, lies the Argentine province of Salta, lush, fertile, subtropical. The fruits and vegetables of Salta are too far from the urban centers of Buenos Aires for easy marketing, particularly in the present decrepit state of the Argentine railroads. Why not ship them to Antofagasta, where they would surely be welcome? When the idea was broached about a year ago, several things were discovered. First, the rail link between the Chilean and

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Argentine systems had never been completed. Some fifty yards separated them—for fear of invasion, it was said. The two railroads had no agreement on exchange of freight cars: each feared that if a car went out of the country it might never be returned. Second, there was no telegraphic communication between the Salta provincial capital and Antofagasta, which are only a few hundred miles apart. Telegrams had to go via Buenos Aires and Santiago, a distance of thousands of miles. Banking arrangements followed the same long detour.

When efforts were made to obviate these difficulties, a great cry went up from the farmers of central and southern Chile. Although the great distances made it impossible for them to ship much perishable stuff anyway, this was *their* market and should not be encroached on by Argentines. Soon, they argued, Argentina would be annexing northern Chile. (It is not only the United States that is accused of imperialism in these regions.) At any rate, the fine idea of providing lettuce to the miners of Antofagasta has been shelved, for the time being at any rate.

Twenty Different Problems

The plans for a Latin-American common market will, of course, attempt to alter these trade patterns, but no one believes that it will be a simple task to create a system of communications between countries so accustomed to ignoring each other. Isolationism south of the border does have at least one thing to be said for it at this particular juncture of our relations with the region: Castro's efforts to create a vast movement in his own image may very well run afoul of it. Various Latin-American movements before Castro's have tried to unify Latin America. The APRA movement (Alianza Popular Revolucionaria Americana), founded thirty-five years ago by a Peruvian, Haya de la Torre, started out with high hopes of bringing about social revolution throughout the continent. It is now confined to Peru, where it is still vigorous and where its developing precepts are admirably adapted to the Peruvian situation.

Perón, too, had ambitions to lead Latin America in his particular form of social upheaval. Just as Castro is doing, he sent out special emissaries well provided with funds, to influence national labor movements. After initial successes, he too got bogged down. The most successful Latin-American revolution has been, without doubt, the Mexican—a thoroughly pragmatic and indigenous movement which for that very reason has never shown any signs of wishing to export itself.

But whatever consolation we can take at present from this separateness, it also implies the need to examine the problems of the twenty republics separately. Take Argentina, for instance, a country of almost entirely European origins, whose gross national product and per capita income were very similar to those of Canada until about a generation ago. Can Argentina's problems be compared with those of the Andean republics of Peru, Bolivia, and Ecuador—with a largely Indian population, not only generally illiterate but unable even to speak the official language? Are the reasons for Argentina's backwardness the same and are the same remedies to be proposed? In Buenos Aires, center of one of the richest farming areas in the world, it is periodically discovered that nine per cent of the milk is both adulterated and dirty. In the Andean countries any milk at all is a luxury: the problem is simply to escape starvation.

It is quite true that Latin America as a whole—except perhaps Mexico—is lagging behind the rest of the world in development, and that each year the gap becomes wider. But the reasons for the stagnation are as various as the countries themselves. In some, a feudal social structure hampers development; in others, social security and other benefits have leapt ahead of economic possibilities and now hamper development. In some, industrialization has proceeded too fast for existing markets—automobiles and textiles in Brazil, for instance—and thus produces areas of unemployment; in others, industrialization of any kind is desperately needed to provide jobs for an expanding population. In some areas vast estates, usually owned by absentee landlords, hinder efficient production; in others family holdings too small for subsistence have the same effect.

THE ONLY THING these problems have in common is that we are blamed for them. It has been said that the strongest link among the twenty republics is their anti-Americanism, the one subject on which they can all agree. But here, too, the reasons are various: we are blamed because we have invested too much in a country and therefore "own" it like a colony, or we are blamed because we haven't invested enough and therefore keep it in an underdeveloped status, also like a colony.

But the unity of the clamor against us must not lead us into lumping all the countries of Latin America together as "the Latin-American problem" and trying to find one panacea for what is actually, we must realize, twenty different problems.

Costs That Aren't Shown On the Soviet Balance Sheet

LEON M. HERMAN

WHILE ROAMING about the edges of Moscow last summer, beyond the last stop on a streetcar line, my traveling companions and I came upon a rather large crowd milling around a vacant lot across a wide unpaved street from a block of apartment houses under construction. They were fairly well-dressed people, talking earnestly and quietly in small clusters. We mingled with the crowd long enough to find out that we were in the presence of an informal apartment market. Housing space continues to be rationed as a scarce commodity in the Soviet Union, and the waiting period is long. Apparently the idea is to accept your

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assigned residence, seal the transaction by moving in, and then, if the apartment doesn't satisfy your needs, try to arrange a trade with another family. If successful, you proceed to inform the housing officials of the exchange as an accomplished fact.

Though the government alone has the power to affect Soviet welfare, the well-advised citizen knows that he cannot afford simply to wait around for something to happen. Housing and other comforts are too important to be left to the random movements of administrative machinery. Although he must move with caution, right now it would seem that as long as he works within the prescribed rules, he is free to seek to improve his personal well-being.

A government chauffeur in Kiev, for example, reported to me with evident pride how he had improved his economic status by volunteering to work as a mechanic on a state farm. He had stuck at the job for two years, just long enough to build himself a house with the aid of the farm management. As provided by the new law, the house, located along the suburban electric railway, has become his personal possession. Now he enjoys the blissful privilege of country living, complete with private garden, as well as the employment opportunities of the city.

On the way from the theater in Tashkent, we passed a venerable two-level structure identified as a "Custom Shop for Personal Sewing," crammed with young women sewing by hand. A young Russian college instructor explained that with people now obtaining all the quality cloth they want, the demand for custom work is hard to satisfy. He then added, "Nobody really likes the factory-made clothes."

The government itself has obviously recognized the need for some improvement in living standards. Within the past six years, the Khrushchev régime has acted dramatically to remove a number of the more glaring hardships of the Soviet citizen. The food supply, for example, has been expanded measurably by the simple device of paying the peasants a decent economic price for their produce. The collectivized farms produce enough meat to provide forty-one kilograms for every

inhabitant per annum, or about one-third more than in 1953. The minimum wage has been increased by one-third, to three hundred rubles (thirty-three dollars) monthly, thus relieving the lot of the eight million marginal wage earners in the economy. The average size of the pension paid to retired workers has been raised by eighty per cent, i.e., to a point where it is now at least sufficient to pay for the food needs of the pensioner. Tuition fees for high school and college, a part of Stalin's private amendment of the 1936 constitution, have been abolished. The rate of residential construction has also increased markedly: the state adds three million small apartments a year, as compared with half as many a few years ago. In still another move toward improving the citizen's standard of living, the work week has been shortened, from forty-eight hours in 1956 to forty-one hours by the end of 1960.

Unexpected Returns

Against this setting of hope and even optimism, one Soviet newspaper has attempted an experiment. In October, 1960, *Komsomolskaya Pravda,* an organ that normally addresses itself to young people, undertook to take the pulse of the Soviet public through a sample survey. It distributed a brief questionnaire to 1,600 people, asking how their standard of living had changed in recent years. The sample was obtained in one day, according to the paper, aboard the sixty-five passenger trains that normally depart from Moscow. Signatures were optional, and 1,400 replies were found suitable for analysis.

The returns took the pollsters by surprise. Some twenty-seven per cent of all who answered (375 persons) reported that their standard of living had remained unchanged or had declined. A demobilized officer, for example, classified the status of his income as "unchanged," while he reported that his current civilian salary was only 690 rubles a month (fifteen per cent below the average wage in the economy), and that the earnings of his wife, a medical assistant, had not risen for some time.

By far the most interesting features of this survey, however, were the "suggestions." The frank, unprompted reactions indicated that the basic economic concerns of the Soviet citizen today are the shortage in housing, inadequate wages, and the scarcity of child-care facilities.

To no one's surprise, more than half the answers (739 persons) cited housing as the biggest source of discomfort. One of the respondents, a married student, volunteered a brief description of his own housing situation. "My family consisted of four persons: my parents, my brother, and myself. We all lived in one room. My brother and I are now married and we have children, but the room remains one and the same."

A brigade leader from Kursk registered the following complaint: "I need lumber to build myself a home, but there is no place to buy it, even though I have the money." In their own search for a solution to this chronic condition, some respondents thought that the government should give incentive to building-trades workers by raising their wages or offering them extra housing space. Some urged using the unpaid labor of persons in special need of housing. Others pleaded for less demolition of serviceable old houses. One engineer, in complete disregard of a sacred cow, advised the government to "raise rents, so that housing could be operated at a profit; then, pay for repairs out of the rent and not out of state funds. The latter could thus be applied entirely to 'new construction.' "

The suggestions about better wages

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represented twenty-seven per cent of the persons polled and came generally from households having only one employed worker. If the government could not raise their wages, some of the respondents pleaded, a reduction in the prices charged by the state stores would be appreciated just as much.

An engineer of sixty, who was the sole breadwinner in a family of five, advanced his own program for improving retail trade: "End the waiting on line in the stores. Furnish all families with cheap refrigerators; install such units in all new buildings at the time of construction. Let's have more self-service stores. Plan seasonal trade better."

PERHAPS in no other society would the question of child-care accommodation have drawn as many heated responses. Even the authors of the official analysis of the poll thought it "somewhat surprising" that twenty per cent of the sample (270 persons) rated the need for more nurseries the No. 1 problem in their lives. Women, if anything, were underrepresented in the sample, although forty-six per cent of all wage earners in the Soviet Union are women. Yet feelings on this issue run high. This may be explained by the fact that the women are regularly exhorted by the government to bear a double burden: to take a job outside the home and to raise a family.

Many respondents urged that the building of child-care centers should be speeded up. Some writers thought that the government itself could order an increase in the outlay of funds for this service. These added expenditures, some reasoned, would be repaid a hundredfold by a rise in the number of working mothers.

It is true that child care is one of those public services about which a great deal more is said than done in the Soviet Union. The planning authorities have long applied a restraining hand in the matter of building and staffing new nurseries, because they figure that the same labor could be put to better use in production. Money expenditures by the state budget on this item, moreover, have remained static: 600 million rubles a year during the past six years, or twenty-three rubles ($2.53) a year for each female wage earner.

Openings are rare and the waiting lists are long. A prominent Soviet manpower specialist, M. I. Sonin, recently estimated that the number of children who can be physically accommodated at present in the available nurseries and kindergartens is equal to only around ten per cent in these age groups. For the time being, the job of caring for the children of working mothers in Russia is left mainly to the grandmothers.

Conflicts of Policy

In the homely touches of the responses to the poll, one can find the authentic flavor of daily life in the Soviet Union, free of official verbiage. They suggest that the policy of domestic economic reform during the past few years has followed a devious course. It is not difficult to see what the obstacle has been. Time and again in recent years, the régime's best efforts to help consumers have come into open conflict with official policy on manpower allocation. A little more labor placed in the balance would go a long way to relieve the tension between supply and demand, particularly in the service area of the economy.

As things stand now, only manpower unsuitable for production finds its way into trade and related services. This problem has been recognized even in official pronouncements. The Minister of Domestic Trade, when asked to comment on the complaints voiced in the sample survey, replied: "There are, as a matter of fact, too few stores in our cities and villages. One is sometimes obliged to waste time standing in line; the handling of seasonal goods is poorly organized, and in a number of stores purchasers at times run up against indifference on the part of salespeople. Trade workers have had their attention drawn to these shortcomings more than once."

The minister's lack of zeal in defending his services is understandable. Stores are few and far between. They are usually small and dimly lighted, poorly ventilated, and crowded—ill-kept survivals of a bygone age. The mere procedure of transferring some groceries from the state merchant to the customer with cash in hand invariably proves to be a tedious and wearying business. Some clerks are qualified to handle only merchandise, others only cash. The latter are stationed apart in a special cash booth. After reaching his turn at the fish counter, the customer learns that the two herrings he needs cost twenty-two rubles. He thereupon gets a voucher for this amount, parts temporarily from his purchase, and moves to the line at the cash booth. Here he makes his payment and, armed with a stamped receipt, returns to the original counter, ready to reclaim his herrings from a special attendant called the controller. End of Round 1.

The customer is now free to go to the meat counter and begin the waiting all over again. He may find that the next counter, while surrounded by customers, is temporarily out of action: the typical Moscow food store, it seems, works without refrigeration. Since supplies have to be reordered every few hours, the evening rush is the most common time for fresh food stocks to be exhausted. Selling comes to a halt until the next delivery arrives by truck. Against odds of this sort, the customer is not likely to complete his shopping list in one evening.

The Frustrated Consumer

Naturally the Soviet leaders are far more concerned with building economic capacity aimed at the advancement of Communism in the world than with consumer problems. They claim to know precisely what economic formula is required for their continuing political drive, and they intend to let no one persuade them to change the blend. Its unique magic, according to First Deputy Chairman Anastas I. Mikoyan, who is in a good position to know, lies in the "correct" deployment of the nation's manpower. This, in his opinion, is what gives the "integrated" Soviet type of economy its chief advantage over its rival in the West, with its "competitive" type of economy. Speaking at a meeting of manufacturers in Mexico City in November, 1959, he said: "I shall cite two very important figures. In the United States, seven persons out of every hundred are employed in trade and distribution, doing middlemen's work. In the Soviet Union, only two persons are so

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engaged. Thus for every hundred inhabitants, we have five more people engaged in production. You understand that this has an influence on the development of industrial power."

He made it quite clear that if rapid expansion of industry can be maintained only at the expense of the consumer services, he is willing to pay the price—or rather to let the average Soviet citizen pay it.

Right now, under the Seven-year Plan, the Soviet government expects to expand the output of its industrial plant by eighty per cent by the target date of 1965. This expansion is expected to require twelve million new workers. A third of this number will go directly into industry. Unfortunately, as a consequence of the low birth rate of the war and early postwar years, only 500,000 new workers will be added to the labor force each year in the near future, if daytime students and army recruits are excluded. Regardless of the pinch, the Soviet government has been meeting its target of 1.7 million new workers a year. This has been achieved by dipping into the vast army reservoir and by directing a portion of the applicants for school over the age of fourteen to full daytime jobs, with study at night or by correspondence. As a result, the number of daytime students over fourteen years old has been reduced by 2.8 million within the last four years. The army has also been reduced during the same period, by some 2.2 million.

THIS FORCED redeployment is carried out in the interest of fulfilling the government's rigorous plan for the expansion of industry. The needs of production are overriding. No rival claims will be allowed to stand in the way of historical progress.

Yet people, too, at times make history. The present generation of Soviet citizens has obviously been seized by the idea that their economy, to which they have given so much toil and heartache, is capable of providing them with a greater measure of comfort, privacy, and dignity. This generation may not be altogether willing to be written off, in the closing words of a recent Soviet novel, as merely part of the "costs of production."

VIEWS & REVIEWS

Pound Reweighed

MALCOLM COWLEY

I AM DISTURBED—well, call it angry—about the latest phase of the perennial Ezra Pound affair. No, I'm not angry about Pound himself, or his racial and monetary theories, or his conduct during the war, when he broadcast for Mussolini without ceasing to insist that he was defending the United States Constitution. He paid for his conduct by being penned in a sort of gorilla cage in an Army prison camp near Pisa, and later by spending twelve years in an insane asylum. Meanwhile he clung to his theories and, wrongheaded as they are, he has earned the right to hold them. He now has the appeal for us of the obstinate dissenter, the village atheist, the individual out of step with the times, times that we suspect are as crazy as Pound, in a more dangerous fashion. He also has the appeal of a man who was obsessed with poetry before he became obsessed with currency reform, and who has had a deeper influence on the poetry of our time than anyone else living or dead.

What I'm angry about is the present almost concerted attempt to make us believe that his unended diatribe against the bankers is the greatest poem of modern times, as well as being the longest; that it is superior to the best of Yeats, Eliot, Valéry, Rilke, perhaps of everyone else since Dante; and that his *Cantos* should be studied religiously by everyone who wants to write or teach or merely appreciate poetry.

I suppose that such an attempt was inevitable, given the conditions that prevail in the critical world. The standard critical method has come to be explication or exegesis, and this is a method that quickly exhausts its subject matter. There is hardly anything more to be explicated in Melville, Conrad, Eliot, or Faulkner, the favorite subjects for dissection of the last fifteen years, and even Joyce will soon be reduced to boiled-white bones. But Pound, but the *Cantos* . . . Here is a relatively untouched body of work, one from which most of the professional critics have been frightened away by its impenetrability. Moreover, the *Cantos* has the great advantage—unlike *Ulysses*—of being a purely bookish work, based on the author's reading and having few troublesome contacts with life, so that most of the researches can be completed without leaving a good university library. If the explicators succeed in demonstrating that the *Cantos* is a masterpiece, they will gain credit for being original scholars, men of independent minds—and not only credit but leading posts in English departments.

Perhaps I am being unjust to the best Pound scholars. All I really

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know is that books and critical essays about him are multiplying, while his own published work is growing by accretion. In the last two years there have been several items of Poundiana, of which I shall mention only these five:

A Casebook of Ezra Pound, edited by William Van O'Connor and Edward Stone (Crowell), is a fair-minded selection chiefly of magazine articles for and against the poet. Although it is designed for use in college English courses, most of the articles deal with his politics or personality rather than with his poems.

A Primer of Ezra Pound, by M. L. Rosenthal (Macmillan), is a brief and reverent discussion of the poetry. It shies away from Pound's opinions, remarking only that "His specific commitments to Mussolini's methods and his anti-Semitism . . . remain the terrible aberrations of a man of genius."

Pound himself has made two contributions to the argument. *Thrones, 96-109 de los cantares* (New Directions), is the latest installment of his poem. It has all the faults of earlier installments, with fewer lyric passages to offset them. By now the typesetters are becoming so confused by Pound's mannerisms that they are afraid to correct his mistakes in spelling. At one point I counted two mistakes in three lines: "kolschoz" (for kolkhoz) and "sovreignty," with "Alcot" four lines below.

Impact: Essays on Ignorance and the Decline of American Civilization, edited by Noel Stock (Regnery), is a selection of Pound's prose writing on politics since 1930. This carries exactly the same message as the *Cantos,* but has the great disadvantage, for Pound's reputation, of being intelligible.

Finally there is a long biography, called simply *Ezra Pound,* by Charles Norman (Macmillan). It brings together all the facts that can be obtained from the fairly obvious sources and makes a fascinating story. Mr. Norman is a little confused, however, by the contrast—which he exaggerates—between the poet and the politician. He keeps extravagantly praising the first and indignantly blaming the second, often in the same paragraph.

I should also mention a much older book, *The Poetry of Ezra Pound,* by Hugh Kenner (New Directions), since it is still the most complete—and most admiring—treatment of the *Cantos* up to and including the Pisan sequence. Mr. Kenner was the first to discover, for himself at least, that the work is a masterpiece of structure. "Sheer architectonics," he says, "despite the superficial fragmentary look of the page, can scarcely have been carried much further in poetry." Moreover, the *Cantos* invites comparison with Dante, since there has been "no effort at moral definition of comparable scope since the *Commedia.*" After those high words I can only offer, in a modest way, a report of my own periplus, as Pound would call it, my voyage round the jagged contours of his masterpiece.

THE *Cantos* is an unfinished work on which Pound has been engaged for the last forty-five years. He calls it an epic and defines an epic as "a long poem containing history." So far 107 sections of the poem, numbered 1-71 and 74-109, have been published. Cantos 72 and 73 have been kept in manuscript, perhaps

because, as Mr. Norman suggests, they present the poet's conclusions too bluntly. At the present stage of the work it is impossible for any ordinary reader to discern the architectonic structure that Mr. Kenner claims to be unexcelled. Nobody else has even conjectured how Pound will be able to finish the structure in 120 cantos, as he now plans to do. Nobody else has tried to explain why the poem shouldn't have ended with the Pisan sequence (Cantos 74-84), or why, on the contrary, it shouldn't go on forever.

It makes greater demands on one's learning and perseverance than any other poem that has ever been written. The reader is expected, for example, to guess at the meaning of quotations and monologues in nine foreign languages: Greek, Latin, Italian, French, Old French, Provençal, Spanish, German, and Chinese (besides one name in Persian script and, in Canto 93, a group of Egyptian hieroglyphs). The reader is also expected to plow his way through many long or obscure works in order to grasp the force and appositeness of the quotations. Some of those works Pound himself found it hard to procure: for example, the letter books of the Venetian foreign office and *The Works of John Adams,* in ten volumes, which provide the substance of Cantos 62-71.

In addition to undertaking such studies, the ideal reader—or "suitably sensitized apprehensor," as Mr. Kenner calls him—will make himself as familiar with the details of Pound's literary career as if they were incidents from the *Odyssey.* Even then he will understand many passages only after learning to recognize Pound's friends and minor acquaintances. Thus, we read at the end of Canto 89:

I want Frémont looking
at mountains
or, if you like, Reck, at
Lake Biwa

Frémont would be the American explorer—but Reck? We find the answer in Mr. Norman's biography: Michael Reck is a young man who visited Pound at St. Elizabeths and afterward wrote him a letter about the temple near Kyoto where Ernest Fenollosa is buried. From the temple Reck enjoyed a vista of Lake Biwa, which he described as "a great blue surrounded by mountains." That clears up the last line of Canto 89—but what about the general notion of writing long poems that can be fully understood only after one has learned about the poet's life, read his correspondence, published or unpublished, and studied all the books he happened to acquire? And what does Pound offer us in return for such labors?

In some ways he offers a great

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler No. 27

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the acrostician.

A
13 110 142 137 151 8 Causes anguish.

B
128 59 76 25 174 144 171 181 153 27 4 41
A grace note.

C
215 194 2 197 180
Composer of fifteen Hungarian Rapsodies.

D
55 139 206 11 16 98 36
Pronounced a consanant, such as "r", with a roll of the tongue.

E
222 57 84 116 176 46
Former Federal Reserve Board chairman.

F
204 199 192 20 105
"He____much; He is a great observer, and he looks Quite through the deeds of men..." Shakespeare, "Julius Caesar."

G
121 82 158 62 155 22 38
An American gregarious quadruped, allied to the swine.

H
29 66 45 213 34 183 150
Spoke enigmatically.

I
178 211 68 Uncle. (Dial.)

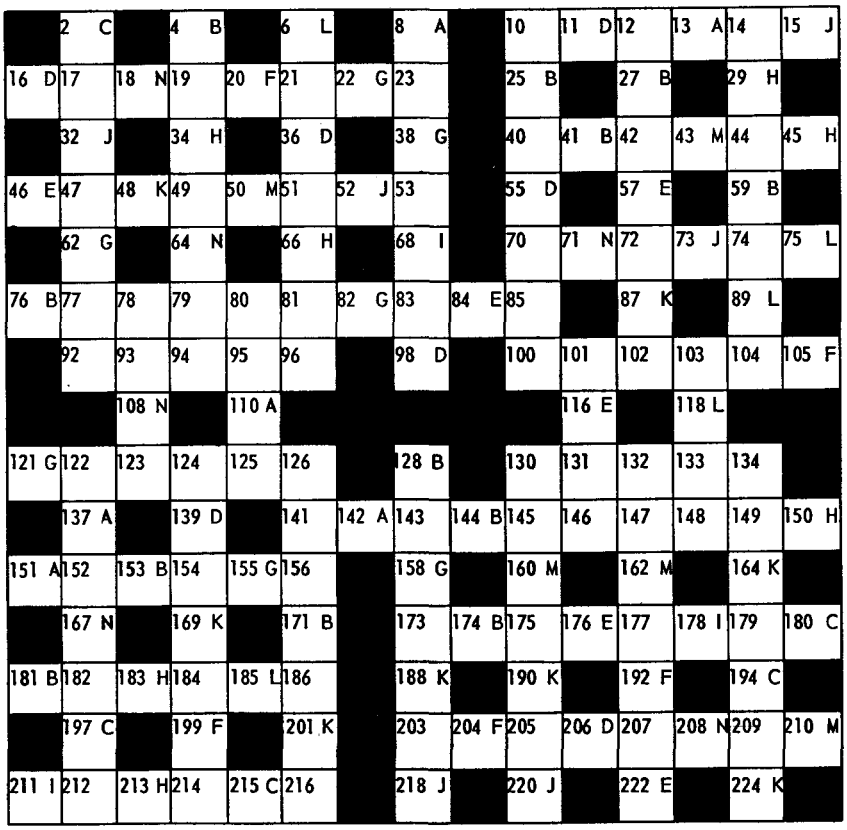
J
32 73 218 52 15 220
Traditionally troubles of the business man.

K
188 48 164 87 201 224 190 169
"The Youth of a Nation are the ____of Posterity." Disraeli, "Sybil."

L
185 89 6 118 75 A small species of falcon.

M
210 162 43 160 50
Soldier who led an attack on Tripoli in 1805.

N
108 64 18 71 208 167
"For words, like Nature, half____ And half conceal the Soul within." Tennyson, "In Memoriam."



Across

10. Blossom loudly, but not higher.
16. Do travel to find a missile of Cupid. (4, 4)
40. Marxist engulfs American Tel and Tel! Someone squealed!
46. But this dog may be used in the fall as well!
70. I depart from reality when it comes to obsolete royalty.
76. The meeting puts a crone on the fence.
92. Pertaining to the nose of Maecenas always.
100. Steers around compounds.
121. A minister takes a leap to propel a canoe.
130. Refers to activity in which the Acrostician gained prominence.
141. Found where the score dived.
151. A gate you'll find will take the cake in France.
173. Tease men to grant a right of way.
181. Has he a say? No! She is haggard.
203. Mad about a rig, so wet it.
211. Interfere to riddle me, but no *riot please!*

Down

2. Cups? Oh no! Much less; a little bit.
4. Replacements that sound like what a tree does each spring.
6. Drag Lib. She's a disobedient child! (3, 4)
8. A try seen for a plastic.
10. Hear pelts on the plant for the conifer. (3, 4)
12. What did a Greek tea cost Ishmael, for instance?
14. A *builder or Crete.*
78. Darn that old liniment!
80. He's a real peer of the realm!
101. Vassal but not as native of Europe.
103. York may have been a bore in ancient times.
122. Zeal? Nay! Examine critically.
124. With down, scolded, with up, adorned.
126. Teach Venetian money when it is found with ease.
128. A hermit may cast ice.
130. Help! Role needed by unfasteners.
132. Add a gem to little Beatrice and you find a loss of weight.
134. Tuner. That is, bring together again.

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deal; in others, less than we have a right to expect. The *Cantos* does not present "an action of considerable magnitude," as Aristotle said that an epic must do; in fact, it presents no action whatever. It does offer hundreds of incidents, all fragmentary, and thousands of separate sharp images, but usually there appears to be no connection between one incident or image and the one that follows. There are names, again by the thousands, but no true characters. Even the hero, who appears under many names—as Ulysses, as Hanno the Carthaginian explorer, as Sigismondo Malatesta, and as a number of early American statesmen—is only a series of faceless masks for the poet himself. Emotions are often celebrated or condemned—for example, there is a fine canto in praise of love and part of another in dispraise of pity—but they are seldom or never evoked from the reader. And there are no recurrent patterns of meter or rhyme or refrain or strophe to create and satisfy one's expectations.

MR. KENNER holds that these deficiencies are virtues in fact. It was "Pound's principal achievement," he says, to do away with all that outworn machinery. "In the *Cantos* the place of a plot is taken by interlocking large-scale rhythms of recurrence . . ." I should take exception to that last phrase. There are hundreds of interlocking repetitions in the *Cantos*, but they do not occur at rhythmical—that is, more or less regular—intervals. Rhythm, as Pound once defined it brilliantly, "is a form cut into TIME, as a design is predetermined SPACE." The *Cantos* has neither rhythmical pattern, in that sense, nor spatial design; what the *Cantos* has is a mass of disconnected items set side by side in an irregular fashion. But let's get back to Mr. Kenner. "The fragmenting of the aesthetic idea into allotropic images," he says in his logotropic style, "as first theorized by Mallarmé"—but first applied on a large scale by Pound—"was a discovery whose importance for the artist corresponds to that of nuclear fission for the physicist." Old-style novels or epics are no longer worth writing. "Paraphrasable plot," Mr. Kenner keeps insisting, is "irrelevant" and "obsolete."

Of course plot will never be obsolete. Plot, or story, is simply people engaged in an action, as a result of which *something is changed.* A four-line poem can have a plot—as do many of Mallarmé's quatrains—and is usually better for having it. An epic poem without a plot is what a whale would be without a back-

bone; it falls apart into fragments—witness the *Cantos*—or softens into a jelly. And the word "paraphrasable"—why should Mr. Kenner use it with an air of contempt? Of course the total effect of a good poem is not paraphrasable, because the poet has produced it with the right number of right words in the right order. Change the words or the order and part of the effect is destroyed. But almost everything else about a poem, including its meaning, can be paraphrased more or less effectively, and critics like Mr. Kenner spend much of their time doing exactly that.

The *Cantos* in particular is full of paraphrasable ideas, which Pound himself has paraphrased to some extent in his critical essays, but chiefly in his political prose. One doesn't object to the presence of such ideas in the poem, but one is permitted, I hope, to question their validity.

In the early cantos, for example, the central idea seems to be that human types and social situations are universal and permanent, so that characters from Greek legends or Chinese paleohistory can be interchanged with those of the Middle Ages or the early American Republic. The Albigensian Crusade re-enacts the Trojan War, and Helen is reborn as Eleanor of Aquitaine. There is also a second idea in the early cantos, which are the best: namely, that the present era, dominated by money-lenders and merchants of death, is ignoble as compared with the past.

In the later cantos—those published after 1933 and numbered 31-109—the ideas are more numerous, and some of them, instead of being left for the reader to infer, are flatly stated. Most of the ideas are in the closely related fields of government, banking, and currency. Pound says, for example, or suggests by the items of fact and gossip chosen for presentation, that:

¶ Western civilization is at the mercy of an international conspiracy of bankers, or, as he calls them, usurers.

¶ Wars are caused by this "usurocracy" in order to run nations into debt and create opportunities for manipulating the currency.

¶ The worst of the usurers are Jews, especially a few big Jews conducting a "vendetta on the goyim."

¶ Usury cheapens art, falsifies history, and reduces literature to lying journalism.

¶ The usurocracy could be abolished by a simple reform of currency, namely, the issuance of stamped and dated script based on the goods available for consumption.

¶ Such a reform would have to be instituted by a benevolent despot on the order of Mussolini or the best Chinese emperors.

¶ Confucius laid down the lines of the good society.

¶ American culture, great in the days of John Adams and Jefferson, declined after 1830 and perished in the Civil War, also caused by bankers. "The United States were sold to the Rothschilds in 1863."

TO BE EXPOSED to such primer-book notions—to find them supported by an aggregation of facts or supposed facts torn loose from their historical contexts and jumbled together like the letters in a game of anagrams—is this our reward for plodding through the most difficult poem ever written? Nowhere in the *Cantos* do we find any deep conception of human nature or destiny or any complicated picture of social be-

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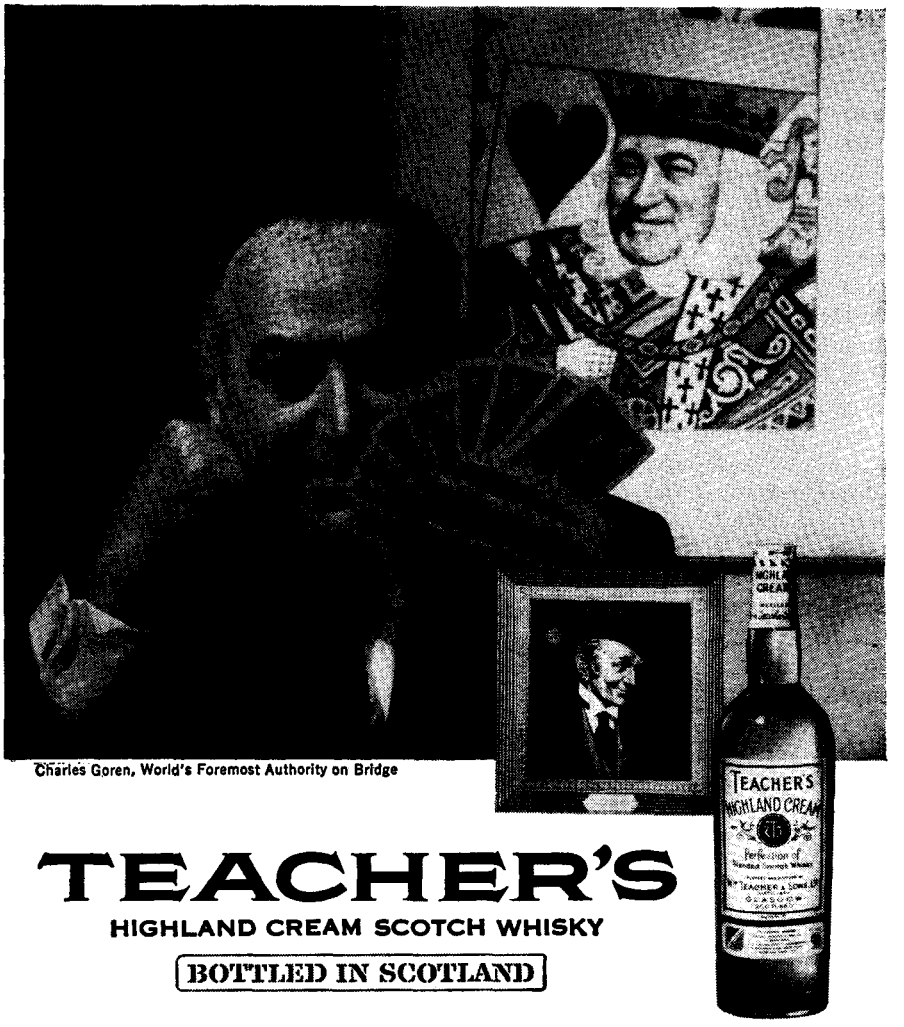
havior. Nowhere do we find the Christian feeling that every individual—including the poet himself—shares in the guilt of all. T. S. Eliot, usually Pound's most effective supporter, once scolded him for this lack of humility. The Inferno that Pound presents in his poem, Eliot said, "is a Hell for the *other people,* the people we read about in the newspapers, not for oneself and one's friends."

Yeats offered what is, in effect, a more sweeping condemnation, although it occurs in an essay written before the first of the cantos. "We make," he said, "out of the quarrel with others, rhetoric; out of the quarrel with ourselves, poetry." Pound has never had, or at least has never revealed, any quarrel with himself. Others have been in the wrong; himself has been the upright one, the "better maker," the persecuted artist. There is, it is true, one passage at the end of Canto 81 in which he adjures himself to "Pull down thy vanity," but even in that justly celebrated lyric he ends by deciding that what he had done was never vanity, that his only mistake had been in what he failed to do. With that qualified exception, all his condemnation is reserved for the people we read about in the newspapers, especially bankers and their hired artists and politicians. He never tries to understand them. Instead—Yeats said in finally writing about the *Cantos*—he rages against them as at "malignants with inexplicable characters and motives, grotesque figures out of a child's book of beasts."

"We make out of the quarrel with others, rhetoric . . ." There is a great deal of poetry in the *Cantos,* not only the fine lyrics about pity, love, and vanity, but scores of Mediterranean landscapes revealing fauns and nymphs dancing among the olive trees above a quiet sea: Pound's picture of the earthly paradise. The heart of the poem, however, is in that group of ideas chiefly about government, banking, and currency. Pound desperately believes in those ideas and wants us to accept them as our only hope of saving the world. He has been trying to combine his two roles of teacher and poet, but more and more, as his poem continues, the poet is being silenced by the teacher. In all the later cantos Pound is mak-

IN BRIDGE...
EXPERIENCE IS THE GREAT TEACHER
IN SCOTCH...
TEACHER'S
IS THE GREAT EXPERIENCE



Charles Goren, World's Foremost Authority on Bridge

TEACHER'S
HIGHLAND CREAM SCOTCH WHISKY
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND

TEACHER'S HIGHLAND CREAM BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY/86 PROOF/SCHIEFFELIN & CO., N. Y.

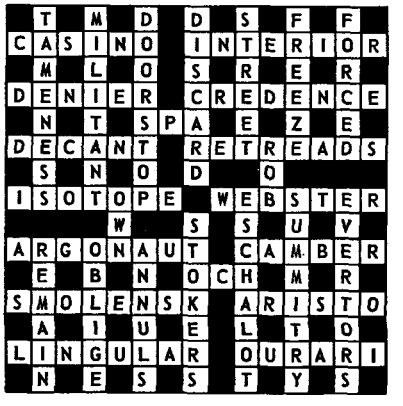
Solution to

THE REPORTER

Puzzle #26

Acrostician—

STEWART L. UDALL



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ing rhetoric, not only as Yeats defines it but also in the older meaning of the word: "the art of persuasion." It follows that the *Cantos* is not an epic in any valid sense. It is a didactic poem which, for all the contrasts in method, belongs to the same order as Pope's *Essay on Man.*

There is one more point to be made after my voyage through the *Cantos.* Although Pound's system of rhetoric has not proved effective in persuading any but a few scholarly critics and various members of right-wing fringe groups, it is not something he happened upon by chance or wrongheadedness. It is truly a system, being based upon a theory of teaching which in turn is based upon a theory of knowledge, an epistemology. A few of his notions are surprisingly close to those of the American Pragmatists, perhaps because he comes from the same middle-class background and has the same respect for what he likes to regard as hard facts. His favorite epistemologists, however, are Confucius, Aristotle, and Duns Scotus, and he carries some of their theories to simplified extremes. Thus, he insists that the only genuine knowledge is of separate *things* (including separate actions and sensations). He distrusts all generalities unless they are stated in terms of particulars. As Mr. Kenner praises him for doing, he believes that the only method "of making complete and qualified statements is to present a selection of EXAMPLES."

LET ME PRESENT an example of my own. If Pound were asked to define "vegetable," which is a generic term, and if he strictly followed his own method, he would appear with a basketful of onions, beans, lettuce, and cauliflower. Then, fearing that his statement was not sufficiently complete or qualified, he would rush back to the market and reappear with another basket, this time piled with carrots, beets, turnips, and radishes. That is essentially what he calls his "ideogrammic method," and it is the system of rhetoric he follows in the *Cantos.* There his usual means of conveying ideas is by presenting basketfuls of disconnected items from the history of various countries, including Italy, China, the United States, medieval England, and the Byzantine Empire. "The principle of the ideogrammic method," Mr. Kenner tells us, "is simply that things explain themselves by the company they keep."

But there are obvious weaknesses in the ideogrammic method when carried to the extreme to which Pound carries it, and one of them is that it abolishes logical thinking. One cannot compare or evaluate statements that consist of vegetables by the basketful or historical items by the gross. One cannot test the statements for consistency with each other. "Things explain themselves by the company they keep," says Mr. Kenner. But when the "things" are chiefly historical items from a dozen cultures, who is going to decide which items belong together? Doesn't the statement extracted from the items depend, ultimately, on the poet's intuition or on his preconceived notion of what goes with what?

Then too, if he puts one item after another, isn't he suggesting that the first is the cause or explanation of the second? *Post hoc, ergo propter hoc.* There are examples of this simplest logical fallacy everywhere in the later cantos, as likewise in the political prose of *Impact.* Indeed, the verse and the prose are hard to distinguish, except that the verse is more ideogrammic and harder to read. "The state can lend," he says in one essay. "The fleet that was victorious at Salamis was built with money advanced to the shipbuilders by the State of Athens." The historical item is versified in Canto 74:

and the fleet that went out to
Salamis
Was built by state loan to the
builders
hence the attack on classical studies

In other words, the study of Greek is being discouraged *because* students might discover that the Athenian state lent money to productive enterprises instead of borrowing money from the bankers. The inference is a little strained, but let it pass; there is more to come. In Canto 89 and elsewhere Pound suggests that the American Civil War was caused by the Bank of the United States:

Branch forced on Alabama,
trade in bills Ersatz for products
Hence WAR, 30 years later.

The bankers were also responsible for the death of Abraham Lincoln. In one of his essays Pound quotes from a speech of Lincoln's: ". . . and gave to the people of this Republic the greatest blessing they ever had—their own paper to pay their own debts." Obviously Pound thinks this remark frightened the bankers, for he adds on the following page, "Lincoln was assassinated after he made the statement quoted above." *Post hoc, ergo propter hoc.* Everything is the fault of the bankers, down to and beyond the Second World War, which began, Pound tells us more than once, "in 1694, with the foundation of the Bank of England." Hitler was a martyr to the bankers. It was England, ruled by the usurocracy, that started the most recent phase of the never-ending war by urging the Poles to resist his reasonable demands. Thus, in Canto 104,

The Pollok was hooked by a false
promise:
"black sea"
"help by the black sea"

POOR STUPID POLES who accepted the banker's promise! Unfortunate Hitler, victim of a war he didn't want to fight. . . . I feel no resentment against Pound for presenting this eccentric picture of history. He believes in it as in everything else: his collection of ideas, his ideogrammic method of presenting them, his bold non sequiturs, and his mission of saving the world from usury, war, and bad art. After his years of confinement, let him live in peace—and in honor too, for the debt that other poets owe him. The resentment I feel is only against the critics who have been proclaiming that Pound is a genius to set beside Dante and that his endless and formless harangue is a poetic masterpiece to be studied in every course in modern literature.

There is time in college to study only so many masterpieces. The *Cantos* would have to take the place of something else, perhaps of other modern poetry, perhaps of Wordsworth or Milton. Students might conclude, in their practical way, that poetry is damned nonsense and that critics don't know what they are talking about.

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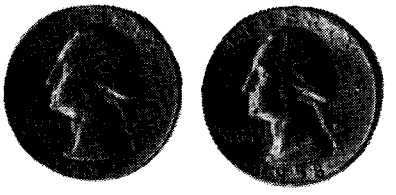

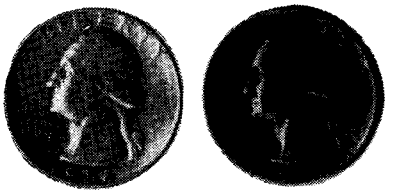

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A Short Story

The Budgerigar

DAN JACOBSON

SOME FRIENDS down the road gave us their budgerigar to keep while they went on vacation. They assured us that it was no trouble at all to look after a budgie: we just had to feed it regularly with the seed that they provided, and give it water. So, to the delight of Stephen, our older child, we took the job on, and hung the cage up in the hall. And at first it seemed that our friends were right: the budgie did give no trouble, and we were pleased to have him.

He was a yellow bird, canary-yellow on his wings and breast; his neck was stippled with gray-blue spots that flashed with a kind of iridescence when the light fell on them; and his head was altogether gray-blue. Sometimes what looked like a wave of light would pass along one of his wings when he stretched it out; and at these times he would stretch out a leg, too, beneath the wing, as if he were a ballet dancer doing some complicated and inelegant step. His eyes were bright and gave nothing away; his beak was absurd, it was so tiny and fiercely arched that you couldn't help feeling he must be short of breath. He didn't sing—not while he was in our hall—but he did look at himself in his little plastic-backed mirror, and he climbed up his little plastic ladder, and he swung on a kind of trapeze bar hanging from the roof of his cage.

He also used to bite languidly at the bars of his cage. Seeing him do this, my wife laughed and said, "He reminds me of Martin," naming the baby of the family, who was then about six months old; and I laughed too, knowing exactly what she meant. They were both just scraps of life, unpredictable in their spurts of activity and gaiety, always able to escape from our gross intrusions into states that we could not even guess at as we stared at them and coaxed them to respond. And both Martin and the bird would bite at anything.

Yet when we'd laughed at the comparison, we felt momentarily uneasy about it. And Stephen, the three-year-old, reproved us. "Martin is a *baby*," he said with great emphasis on the last word.

"And what's the bird?" my wife asked teasingly.

"The bird is just a bird," Stephen replied. The form of his own words suddenly delighted him, and he went on, "And Mummy is just a mummy, and Daddy is just a daddy."

"And Stephen?"

But Stephen would not trifle with his own name. "Stephen is a boy," he said.

LATER we were to be glad that Stephen forgot this conversation, for the bird began to sicken. What was the matter with it we didn't, and still do not, know; perhaps it was missing its old home. My wife was the first to notice how listless it had become. "It sits there like an old man," she said. All the light had gone from its feathers, which were slightly but oddly rumpled, as if it had puffed them out a long time before and could not now get them to lie altogether flat again. It no longer swung on its swing or climbed up its ladder; and its eyes were dull and seemed smaller than ever before. We put some shreds of lettuce into the cage, thinking that it might be lacking greenery in its diet. I bought a little bottle of bird tonic at a local pet shop, and put a few drops of the mixture in its drinking water, according to the instructions on the label. But it did not seem to help.

One afternoon Stephen called me urgently, "Daddy, come quick!" When I came downstairs I found him in the hall, pointing at the cage. "Look at the birdie! What's the matter with him?"

One look, and I knew the bird was dead. It lay against the corner of the cage in a queerly uncomfortable position, a position that no living thing could keep, with the shoulders of its wings hunched up high. I felt troubled and guilty to see it like that, and not only because I thought of the people who had entrusted the bird to us. Its neck formed a perfect curve with the head and the beak, as if somebody had drawn an unbroken line with a pencil, looping the line back on itself toward the end. The rest of the bird was nothing: some feathers one could blow away with a breath, a foot like one of those barbed grass seeds.

"What's the matter with the birdie?"

"It's dead."

"Oh."

I do not know what the idea of death meant to Stephen, but there was nothing else that I could have said to him. And I had to answer his next question just as directly. "What do you do with the bird when it's dead?" he asked.

"We must bury it."

"Berry? What means *berry*?" Stephen was frowning, the skin gathered in puzzlement between his brows. How beautiful I thought him, in his thick green jersey and orange trousers, the green of his jersey reflected again in his eyes. I can describe him only by saying that he shone—shone in so many ways—with the gleam of his hair and eyebrows, with the flash of his eyes, the suffused shining of his skin. He laughed nervously, giggling. "Do you mean a berry that we eat?"

"No I don't." The unexpectedness of the association in his mind made me laugh too; then I said, "I mean—we must put him in the ground."

"Why?"

"Because he's dead."

"Do you always put dead birds in the ground?"

Again I smiled. "Yes."

"Oh." He said it acceptingly. "Are you going to do it now?"

I hesitated for a moment. Then I said, "Yes."

"Can I watch?"

"Yes."

I TOOK THE CAGE off its hook, and we went through the living room into the back garden. Sky, clouds, sunlight, lawn, empty flower beds,

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all had the paleness of a fine day in early spring, one of those days when the season seems more the recuperation of an old life than a thrusting forth of the new. The lawn was yellow-green underfoot, and the color of the sunlight seemed to lie upon it, separable from it. I had opened the cage, and was trying to get at the bird with my fingers, but could not get my hand far enough in. Finally, unthinkingly, I turned the cage over and simply shook it, and the bird fell stiffly, revolving in its entire length, striking against the swing. As it fell Stephen cried out, and for the first time there was real emotion in his voice: fear and wonder and pity. "Aah!" he cried in astonishment, "the bird is *all* dead."

It took me a moment to dig a grave for the bird with the garden trowel, and as I dug I talked to Stephen to soothe him, and I was still talking when I put the bird in the hole. "You see, this is how we bury things. It's what we have to do when they're dead. It's what we always do . . ." But when I began troweling the soil into the grave, Stephen grasped at my arm and pulled it away.

"Don't do that! You'll hurt the bird," he said, and even as he spoke I saw how quickly the little bird was buried: a single trowelful had fallen upon it, and already it was almost out of sight. Only a few feathers were still showing. Another trowelful, and the feathers too had gone. I tamped the earth down.

Stephen, who had been kneeling to watch me, stood up. His voice was as bewildered and alarmed as the expression on his face. "How is the bird going to get out now?" he asked me.

For a moment I could not reply; I had no words for what I felt, as he and I stood together, our shadows pale on the lawn. "It doesn't want to get out: it's dead," I said.

THE FRIENDS who had left the budgie with us were most understanding when they came back from their vacation. We offered to buy them a new budgie, but they wouldn't have it. "It isn't your fault," they said. "It might have happened while we were looking after the bird. It could happen to anyone."

RECORD NOTES

BACH: CANTATAS, No. 8 AND 45. Soloists, chorus, and orchestra under the direction of Karl Richter. (*Archive Production; mono or stereo.*)

The Archive Production keeps rolling along, unobtrusively but not uneventfully. This imposing series of records, sponsored by the Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft, is intended to "make available, both to the specialist and the ordinary music lover, the wide range of 'early music' from the beginning of the Western tradition, circa 700 A.D., to the 'preclassical' period a thousand years later" (in other words, from Gregorian chant to early Mozart). Almost without exception, discs bearing the Archive label are impeccably executed. The engineering is first-class, the performances at once musicologically correct and musically invigorating.

This coupling of two Bach cantatas provides a splendid introduction to the Archive catalogue. It is music of incomparable richness—jubilant and penitential, hortatory and supplicating, fertile in invention, steadfast in spirit. And the interpretations, thankfully, are at the furthest extreme from the "churchly" persuasion. Richter's conducting is lithe and dynamic, his instrumentalists play with nimble accuracy, and the singers are pleasing to the ear as well as true to the notes.

DVORAK: SYMPHONY No. 5 ("From the New World"). NBC Symphony, Arturo Toscanini, cond. (*RCA Victor; simulated stereo.*)

Toscanini's recordings, once prodigious sellers, have fallen on hard times. The decline in demand for these unique interpretations is presumably attributable to their now outdated acoustics. Toscanini's career ended just before stereo recording techniques began to be employed.

In an effort to bolster lagging sales and revive the Toscanini image for a new generation, RCA Victor initiated experiments two years ago to update the sound of the maestro's recordings by endowing them with the sonic characteristics of a modern stereo pickup. The first results are now at hand, and they sound—to my ears—extremely creditable. By means of complex filtering techniques, RCA engineer Jack A. Somer has achieved a convincing semblance of the stereo effect. The violins are placed on the left, cellos on the right, and woodwinds in the center. This is a common seating arrangement (the Boston Symphony uses it, for example), though it does not happen to be the one favored by Toscanini. He put the first violins on the left, second violins on the right, and cellos in between; but obviously no filtering device could possibly separate the sound of first and second violins from a single-channel master recording into their original spatial division. These electronically reprocessed versions are thus historically inaccurate as regards seating arrangements. In other respects, however, they come appreciably closer to the vibrance and impact of a Toscanini performance than anything hitherto available.

Instrumental solos stand out from the orchestral mass with stunning clarity and buoyance—for example, in the many woodwind-against-string passages which Dvorak so loved to write. Full orchestral climaxes, with the composite elements separated and spread across the listening room, have a robust power not present in the original monophonic version. And everything is given a welcome liveness and sparkle, thanks to the use of various reverberation procedures that simulate the bounce of sound in a spacious auditorium.

This interpretation of the Dvorak symphony, dating from a recording session in February, 1953, is justly celebrated. The poetic restraint in the Largo, the surging brio in the finale, the rhythmic precision and knife-edge articulation throughout are all *sui generis*. These qualities can be appreciated, of course, in the original issue, but their impact is far more telling in the updated pseudo-stereo version.

Along with the *New World Symphony*, RCA Victor has brought out similarly reprocessed versions of Toscanini's *Pictures at an Exhibition* (Mussorgsky-Ravel) and the *Pines*

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and *Fountains of Rome* (Respighi). Anyone who has missed these classics should repair the omission forthwith.

MOZART: PIANO CONCERTO IN C MINOR, K. 491. **Artur Rubinstein, piano; orchestra, Josef Krips, cond.** (*RCA Victor; mono or stereo.*)

Sheer perfection. The lustrous Rubinstein tone is as pertinent to Mozart as to Chopin or Brahms, and there is none of the excessive concern to "make something" of every phrase which sometimes blemishes this artist's interpretation of pre-romantic music. The conception is properly Augustan, the execution of unique splendor. Most other contemporary Mozart playing by so-called specialists in the idiom seems insipid, wooden, and obtuse in comparison. Krips provides a compatible accompaniment, and the interplay of instruments in the closely miked stereo recording is enchanting.

SCHUBERT: DIE SCHOENE MUELLERIN. **Peter Pears, tenor; Benjamin Britten, piano.** (*London; mono or stereo.*)

Unlike most lieder recordings of recent years, this one presents the collaboration of two artists rather than the usual pairing of a singer and an accompanist. Peter Pears possesses an admittedly dry and at times thin-sounding voice, but he knows how to color and inflect it with great beauty and subtlety, his sense of rhythm is superb, and he avoids the obvious and rather sodden overemphases so dutifully espoused by the current crop of German recitalists. Britten's execution of the piano part is something very special; he plays as if he had composed the songs himself, with loving touch and fresh insight. Their partnership yields the finest interpretation of *Die schöne Müllerin* in the current catalogue—and indeed one of the few lieder microgrooves that can compare in style and distinction with the prized 78s of such masters as Lehmann, Schumann, Hüsch, and McCormack.

SOLER: CONCERTOS FOR TWO ORGANS. **E. Power Biggs and Daniel Pinkham, organs.** (*Columbia; stereo.*)

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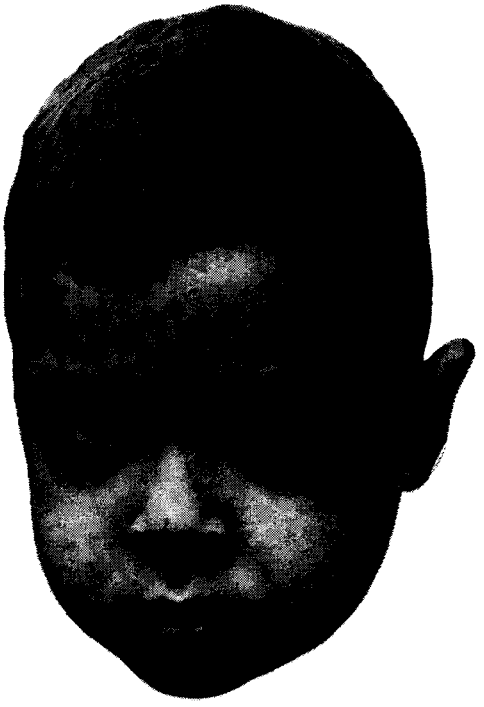

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and happy faculty of writing unponderous music for the pipe organ. These concertos are as light, vivacious, and whimsical in quality as the harpsichord sonatas of his master, Domenico Scarlatti. No one would call the music profound, but it is certainly agreeable and tuneful. The antiphonies of the two instruments are, naturally, tremendously effective in stereo. Mr. Biggs is at one organ on the left, Mr. Pinkham at another on the right, and themes shuttle back and forth between them with piquant glee. The instruments —one new, one old—are of the small-scaled, reedy, so-called "classic" type, the hall acoustics are dry, and the sound never becomes muddy or overpowering. Yes, it is Ping-pong stereo —and a great delight.

—ROLAND GELATT

The Tame and Woolly West

GERALD WEALES

MUCH was to be expected of *The Misfits*. With two men as talented as John Huston and Arthur Miller behind the cameras and two personalities as powerful as Clark Gable and Marilyn Monroe in front of them, the resulting film should have been a strong one. One might have expected it to be very good or very bad, but it was a surprise that it should have turned out so dull.

The original Miller story (*Esquire*, October, 1957) out of which the book and movie grew is a reasonably effective moral tale that uses a pathetic roundup of wild horses as setting and device. The three men in the story—the aging Gay, the youthful Perce, the pilot Guido—are explicitly identified with the mustangs they capture. The men, like the horses, are misfits; none of them has a place in the world of job, home, and family. The best scene in the story is the one in which a stallion fights against the men who want to stake him down, kicking out in useless protest, struggling still on his knees, finally giving in. The story suggests that the men, who have never been tamed to the routine world, have no more chance of survival than do the horses, which are destined to become dog food. Once, perhaps, the West was wide and rich enough for a man or a horse to be proud, wild, free; now the men can hang onto their independence only by destroying the symbol of it.

In expanding the story, in writing what his publishers call a "cinema-novel" (Viking, $3.95), Miller has developed his three characters in ways already hinted in the original. Each of them is most alive, most a man when he can face danger, when he can use his strength and his skill: for Gay, such a moment comes when he faces wild horses, rope in hand; for Guido, it comes when he flies his plane into the mountains, diving down to drive the wild horses into the open; for Perce, it comes when he mounts a bucking horse or a Brahma bull in the rodeo. For each of them, the act of self-identification is also a refusal to give in to the world that would tie him to a particular time, a particular place. One bit of dialogue echoes through all versions of *The Misfits*. GAY: "It's better than wages, ain't it?" PERCE: "Hell, anything's better than wages."

ALTHOUGH the original story mentions certain events that forced the men to become misfits, the prevailing tone, the suggestion of a bush-league *Götterdämmerung*, seems to insist that today's misfits are yesterday's heroes. The novel, which makes much of what mustanging was in the old days, tries to hold onto the original idea, but it also expands the explanations of the three men. When the weight of the psychological evidence is in, when we learn that Gay has lost his wife to another man and his children in the process, that Guido has lost his wife to death, that Perce has lost his mother and his father's ranch to a stepfather, the characters are not so much misfits in the grand tradition of Daniel Boone and Kit Carson as would-be conformists in search of therapy.

The presence of Rosyln underlines the ambiguity. In the story, she was an offstage figure, but she has become the center of the novel and the movie. She is supposed to be a rootless, loveless girl (parent problem there too), with a great capacity to feel pain for others. "Dear girl," her friend Isabelle tells her, "you got to stop thinkin' you can change things." Although she too is a misfit, she breaks the unity of the three men's pact against confinement. It is not simply that their desire for her makes them rivals; her pity disables them. Failing to understand that she is really trying to buy them, she tries to pay Gay for the freedom of the wild horses and to give Perce money to keep him off the bull at the rodeo. Even at the end, Guido can cry out in anger and frustration, "Try the laundromat—they might need a fella to load the machines!" But Gay goes off with Roslyn, saying: "Just head for that big star straight on. The highway's under it; take us right home." And Perce, too, will go to wages, back to the mother and the ranch that are no longer his. Miller has apparently abandoned tragedy and gone the way of Broadway and Hollywood. He even seems to suggest that although the world is now organized so that heroes are only misfits, refuge lies in the wise woman, the new child, the tended garden; love, in short, conquers all.

The trouble with the Miller novel, however, lies not in its theme but in its execution. He has chosen to write a hybrid form, neither novel nor screenplay. He envisions the work in terms of movie scenes and blocks of dramatic action, tells "the camera what to see and the actors what they are to say," leaving himself the novelist's freedom to fill in the "nuances of character and place." This he fails to do. Miller's genius as a playwright has always been that out of dialogue which often seems casual and off the point, he can bring his characters alive, place them in a setting and define the pain that eats at them. He recognizes that movies need less dialogue than a play does, but what he provides is less speech than explanation. Unlike Willy Loman, who comes painfully and incompletely to self-knowledge in *Death of a Salesman*, the new Miller characters are like job applicants who have been asked to submit psychologically oriented *curricula*

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vitae. Since the lines have not created characters, the performance must do so.

THAT is where the movie comes in, and that, alas, is where the movie fails. Clark Gable's Gay is simply the familiar Gable without the underlay of despair that Miller wants him to have, except perhaps in the scene in which he cries drunkenly for his children. Montgomery Clift's Perce is another sad and sensitive young man, no more successful than his regrettable *Lonelyhearts*. Only Eli Wallach's Guido is a complete character, one incidentally who is somewhat softer, more understanding than the Guido of the novel. Marilyn Monroe never makes anything of the confused and complicated creature that the book suggests in Roslyn. She was much more convincingly lost and lonely in the tippling confession scene in *Some Like It Hot;* the logical conclusion is that her talent lies in comic pathos, and I, for one, wish she would stick to it.

The greatest disappointment in the film is director John Huston; he is the one who should have made the camera do its work. The bringing down of the stallion is effective enough, the visual analogy that the story intended it to be, but for the most part the running of the horses and the rodeo are conventionally filmed. Huston never manages to make us see Reno or Guido's house as they should be seen, the first an image of the rootlessness of the characters, the second a symbol of conventional living abandoned and then reaccepted. The most effective scene is the one featured in all the ads, in which Miss Monroe plays with a rubber ball and paddle. Here, Huston not only uses her body (comically, again) but catches the sense of spontaneous excitement and gaiety, the underlying hint of forlorn hysteria that the scene is supposed to represent. Through the film as a whole, it is almost as though Huston and Miller worked against one another: scene, dialogue, scene, dialogue—the film runs almost in labeled segments. But the scenes might have been shot by any Hollywood director, the dialogue written by any pseudo-serious script man.

Even with such exalted mustang hunters, the result is still dog food.

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BOOKS

A Loss of Feeling

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

A BURNT-OUT CASE, by Graham Greene. *Viking. $3.95.*

A little steamboat went up a river in the Congo carrying a lone passenger. Querry, we learn, was a celebrated architect who had built Catholic churches throughout Europe. At first his churches were good but the Catholics put their ugly statues in them and destroyed his combinations of space and light; later his churches were not so good; in self-disgust at a failing talent, he finally made them frivolous and silly. But the priests and bishops, once settled on the idea that Querry was a great Catholic architect, could not relinquish it. In the end a man who likes the truth finds it hard to be praised for what he isn't.

It was Querry's concern with truth that led to another discovery: as with architecture, he had failed with women. He had had one of them after another—one killed herself—and he had loved none. An ever-forgiving Church, anxious to keep its architect, interpreted this succession of public scandals as proof of an admirable, if temporarily misapplied, capacity for love. When the steamboat reached the end of its long trip upriver, this passenger sought asylum in a hospital for lepers run by priests and nuns. He did not disclose his identity.

He himself was a mutilated man: "I suffer from nothing. I no longer know what suffering is. I have come to an end of all that too." The Superior, receiving this confidence, remarked only that "suffering is something which will always be provided when it is required." To the mission doctor, an unbeliever who gave all his love—he preferred to call it his "liking"—to mankind, Querry had this to say: "Self-expression is a hard and selfish thing. It eats everything, even the self. At the end you find you haven't even got a self to express." Querry did not want to be cured; he had come to an empty place where there would never be any call upon him to feel again—like blood coursing painfully back—anything that might resemble love or desire. The doctor replied: "Perhaps your mutilations haven't gone far enough yet. When a man comes here too late the disease has to burn itself out." A burnt-out case, a native boy burdened by some pious priest with the name "Deo Gratias," was assigned as Querry's servant. He had no fingers, no toes.

THE PRIESTS and the nuns who ran the leproserie were too busy curing the sick to be concerned with the morals of the natives or with their habit of sharing their devotions between the God of the Superior's sermons and their own gods of river and forest. They had no time to follow Querry into the complexities of his disbelief. It was not their role to be hounds of heaven or messengers of grace. But Graham Greene, even in the wilds of the Congo, finds protagonists who will present the classic Christian arguments and others who will promptly refute them.

One night Deo Gratias was missing. Querry, thinking of him lying

helpless somewhere in the forest "waiting for the call or footstep of any human being," went in search of him in the night. He found him in a marsh unable to move, or be moved by one man alone. Querry wanted to return to the mission for help, but Deo Gratias "howled, as a dog or a baby might howl." Querry "took Deo Gratias's hand to reassure him, or rather laid his own hand down beside it; you cannot 'take' a fingerless hand. Deo Gratias grunted twice, and then uttered a word. It sounded like 'Pendélé.'" The word seemed to be related with water, something that Deo Gratias had once known and had set out to find again, some ineffable happiness.

Days later, Querry talked with Deo Gratias about this water of happiness. It was not like the river that flowed past the leper hospital, the boy said, not like a lake; it fell from the sky, but the boy had never seen a waterfall. Deo Gratias had known it in the days of his early childhood, never since.

No one, not even in the depths of the Congo, can escape the world, the worlds, outside himself. They close in. Just before catastrophe overtook Querry, Deo Gratias hobbled up to him: "I want to go with you," he said. "I tell you I'm staying here," Querry said. "Why won't you believe me? For the rest of my life. I shall be buried here." Deo Gratias repeated, "I will go with you." The promise was made shortly before Querry was shot by a colonist, one of the most repulsive Catholics in literature.

AS LONG AS the questions—is there life, or time, or God?—are aimlessly discussed between, say, two tramps in barrels on a desolate stage, the arguing is pleasant and acceptable to modern ears. But when the participants no longer indulge in rhetoric only in order, at long last, to arrive at what are no more than illiterate equivalents of centuries-old theological precisions, when the discussion is truly precise, then we resist being drawn into it. Such talk is against club rules.

Graham Greene's latest novel is ruthlessly impolite to the reader: a believer's faith, or the memory of faith, is questioned; an unbeliever's belief that exemption from the burden of faith, or the possibility of faith, can be attained is also questioned. There will be a great fluttering in the dovecots of the pious; infidel geese will cackle with delight; then, like the pigeons in their many-chambered mansion on top of the pole, they too will subside—for *The Burnt-Out Case* is, of course, a story of grace bursting in even where it is least sought.

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Heirs of Ivan And Alyosha

PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON

HARVEST ON THE DON, by Mikhail Sholokhov. Translated by H. C. Stevens. *Knopf. $5.*

Mikhail Sholokhov does not instantly satisfy one's conception of what a Russian ought to look like. Very small, features knobbly but delicate, washed-out blue eyes with a spot of ice in them, springy white hair, white mustache, he would appear quite natural coming out with the crowd from an English North Country football match. His tongue is acid, his wit is swift, his confidence is enormous. In his own Don country, he breeds hundreds of horses: he is a true Cossack. By far the most famous of living Soviet writers, he may be a great one.

I don't say this simply from reading translations of the Don novels—there have been three before *Harvest on the Don,* his first since 1935—though he is obviously a fine and strong novelist. But when I was in Moscow, all literary persons from the boss professor to the undergraduate told me that Sholokhov has used the Russian language in prose as nobody has used it before: nobody. The Russians regard him as a superbly original stylist, and insist that in translation we lose something of extreme importance from his work. With Tolstoi, they say, we lose little: the style itself is so simple that we are able to grasp the great internal impetus without trouble. As for Dostoevski, his style often bordered on journalese. Translation allows us to get to the core of these two, and, aesthetically speaking, we miss little; we get most of the greatness.

But Moscow intellectuals, who today are interested and excited by questions of style, despair of conveying to us just how good Sholokhov really is. Apparently he uses the dialects of the Don Basin in a new way: his prose is racy, edged, ingenious, with overtones of lyric and folk poetry.

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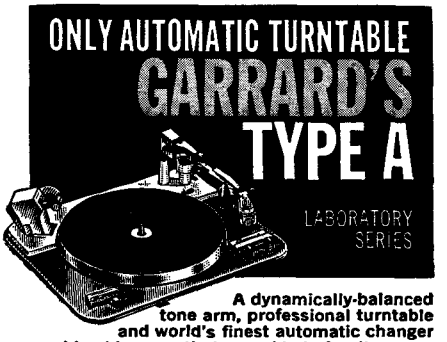

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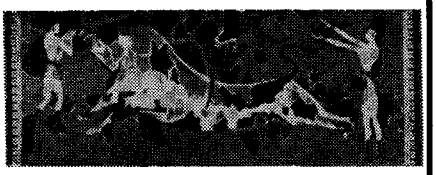

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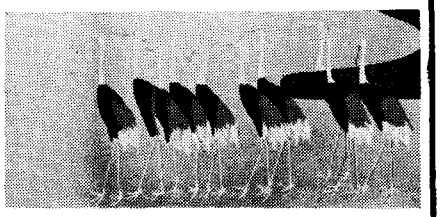

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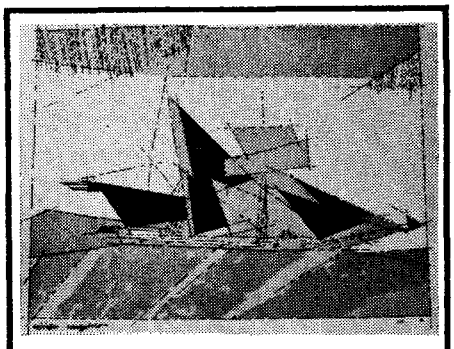

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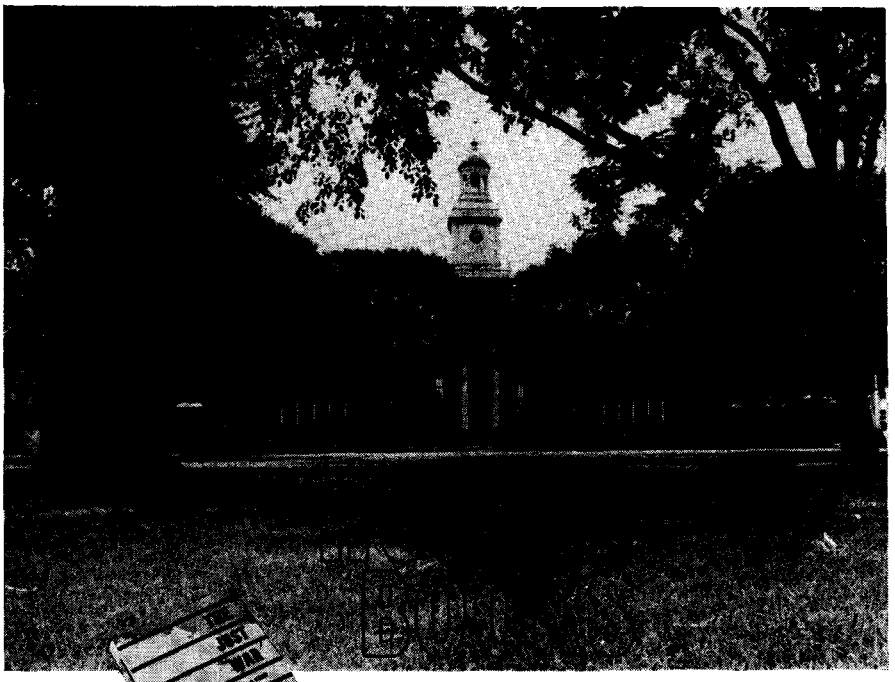

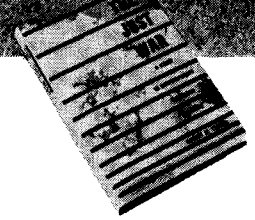

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Harvest on the Don seems to be a workmanlike job; yet almost nothing of stylistic interest comes through. Perhaps it can't. Perhaps that is our hard luck. But the vigor, the bite, the flavor of a countryside and of the men of 1930 struggling to make the new collective farms work—these things come over all right; and so does that curious wildness of spirit, that deep-rooted clowning spirit, so Russian, so engaging, and so strange.

I was lucky enough, last June, to be at the first night of *The Brothers Karamazov* at the Moscow Art Theatre. The entire intellectual world of Moscow seemed to be there, excited, delighted, but afraid of a shift of emphasis that might unbalance the entire feeling of the book. There was no need to fear. It was forcefully and honorably done: Father Zossima was a figure of great dignity, Alyosha a figure of integrity and sweetness; Ivan, the intellectual unbeliever, was given no more than his fair share. Afterward, at a party, I listened to the talk. I remember a distinguished writer throwing up joyful hands and crying, "We are all the heirs of Ivan Karamazov!" He paused, then added, "Yes, but we must not forget—we are the heirs of Alyosha too."

In Sholokhov's novels, both sets of genes are apparent. Davidov, the ex-sailor now chairman of a collective farm, is totally committed to the Revolution, and indeed would be something of an ass if he were not, in the circumstances: at this stage, revolt is limited to a pair of pathetic anti-revolutionaries voluntarily imprisoning themselves in the attic of a dissident farmer. Davidov is a simple soul in some ways. His sex life is on the trying side, since he is ensnared by a disreputable girl who cares no more for her reputation than for his. He labors among people who, when they don't support him, merely put up with him. When the women won't get in the harvest because they want to go to Mass, he arranges for them to do their job first, after which he sends them off to church in wagons. He is a perfectly ordinary young man, with a streak of extraordinary common sense. His sympathies are with Ivan: in his heart, there remains a touch of Alyosha.

It isn't with Davidov, however,

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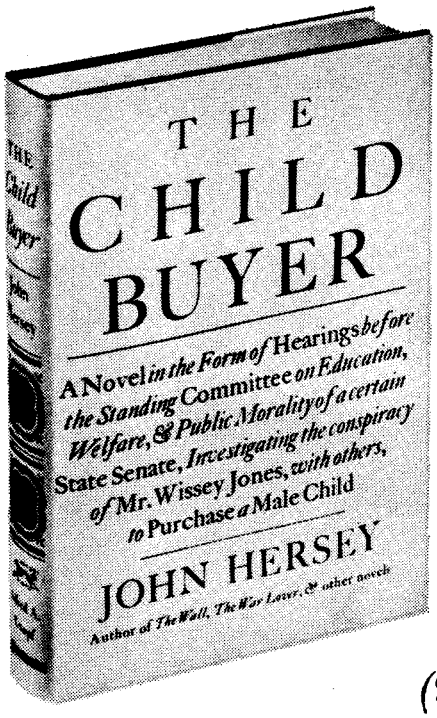
that Sholokhov is most successful. He is superb with an aged and privileged clown to whom nothing is forbidden, not even to hog the solemn meeting at which new members are admitted to the party. (The Russians venerate age. I was asked by a professor of French, a woman, "Why do you in the West so admire Françoise Sagan?" Entering the caveat that I didn't, I explained that this was part of the cult of youth. "Ah," she said, with her little Jane Austen smile, "that's a cult we don't have here.")

Sholokhov has a wonderful scene in which the two anti-revolutionaries, who have managed to stock up a pitiful supply of arms—about enough to hold up a chicken coop—are at last cornered by a White colonel, who demands that they reconquer the whole district. It is pathetic, it is funny, it is heart-rending. They are in no position to conquer anything, but they dare not admit as much. Trapped in their horrible attic, they have no option but to accede to the impossible, knowing it will bring them to their deaths.

I know no Russian, apart from a few courtesies, so I cannot speak further about the translation, except to say that it has flow and force but suggests no particular stylistic virtue on the author's part. I could, I think, fault one word. An old man, raving on about schoolteachers, refers to "these scientists." The word should be "scholars." One of the happiest moments I had in Moscow, when I was in the Institute of World Literature, was to hear myself referred to as "Scientist Johnson," in reference to some work I had done on Marcel Proust. In Russia, a "scientist" is a scholar, or "somebody who knows." I must say I think two cultures might be bridged with greater ease if we adopted the same usage.

Sholokhov is, I am sure, in the first rank of modern writers. Of course, the Russians have been fortunate. Their literary tradition is so great that they have never, even in the most difficult and doctrinaire of their days, entirely lost touch with it. I suspect that it may be easier for them than for any of us to build a great literature again. I read a story of Tvardovsky's the other day, called "Stovemakers," of which Chekhov might have been proud: a human story, funny, delicate, humane, no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more political than one of Maupassant's *Contes de la Bécasse*. In Soviet writing, Ivan may be paramount but Alyosha is there still. I suspect that he will always be there. «»

Mr. Hawthorne's Nosebleeds

KENNETH S. LYNN

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE: MAN AND WRITER, by Edward Wagenknecht. *Oxford University Press. $5.50.*

Professor Wagenknecht's study of Hawthorne is neither a biography nor a critical work. It is, rather, what he calls a "psychograph," by which he means a study of Hawthorne's character and personality, as revealed in his fiction, letters, and journals, and in all that has been written about him. Disavowing that psychography has anything to do with psychoanalyisis, the author takes not Freud but Sainte-Beuve as his literary model.

The quality of Hawthorne's personality that comes through most strongly in this portrait of an artist is his elusiveness. With Hawthorne, one is never quite sure about anything. Even about his physical appearance there was little general agreement among those who knew him. Although Thoreau judged him "rather puny-looking," James Russell Lowell thought he looked like a hawk, and when Henry James, Sr., encountered him at the Saturday Club he saw in his face "the look of a rogue who suddenly finds himself in a company of detectives." Yet this rogue impressed so many people as being of a feminine nature that, as Longfellow remarked, one spoke when he was in the room as if in the presence of a woman.

As for his temperament, his wife called the author of *The Scarlet Letter* and other moonlit tales "our sunshine" and "the light of his home." His daughter Rose described him as "radiant," while his other daughter Una recalled in later life that "he was capable of being the very gayest person I ever saw. He was like a boy. Never was such a playmate as he in all the world." To Margaret Fuller he confessed that he found the earth so full of beauty he never wished to leave it. However, Fredrika Bremer, the Scandinavian novelist, noticed a "bitter expression" in his smile, while one of his cousins testified that wherever he went "'he carried twilight within him." And Hawthorne himself seems to have been deeply distressed by the gloominess of many of his stories, to the point where he actually burned several because they were morbid.

In an early essay, Hawthorne proclaimed that "Man is naturally a sociable being; not formed for himself alone, but destined to bear a part in the great scheme of nature. All his pleasures are heightened, and all his griefs are lessened, by participation." To this credo he adhered all his life. At college he was known for his conviviality. At Brook Farm he would sit up talking till well past midnight, even with "poor Mr. Farley" who was "quite out of his wits." At Lenox he and his wife were "in the center of society." As consul at Liverpool he was a smiling public man who delivered after-dinner speeches in "a masterly manner." On the other hand, the famous period of self-imposed solitude following his graduation from Bowdoin (". . . for months together, I scarcely held human intercourse outside of my own family; seldom going out except at twilight, or only to take the nearest way to the most convenient solitude which was oftenest the seashore") was by no means a passing mood. "The freest conversation," declared Mrs. Longfellow, "did not thaw forth more than a monosyllable" from Hawthorne. On trips he liked out-of-the-way hotels, and preferred simply to be registered as the "friend" of his traveling companion. He had a passion for observing other people, but he hated to feel the eyes of others upon himself. As his wife admitted after his death, "I never dared to gaze at him, even I, unless his lids were down. It seemed an invasion into a holy place."

Like Twain and Whitman, Hawthorne had a deep capacity for indolence. Preferring a slower, drifting rhythm, he mocked the hustle and bustle of the age. Politics in particu-

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lar bored him, and he despised politicians, yet the closest friend he ever had was Franklin Pierce, as unprepossessing a political specimen as the age produced, and he was himself an office seeker or officeholder for twenty years. On the great moral issue of the day, he wrote, "I have not . . . the slightest sympathy for the slaves," and his opinion of John Brown was that no man more deserved hanging. During the Civil War he expressed a hope that the Union be destroyed forever and that the slavocracy would be allowed to go its separate way. But his amazing obtuseness on the general issue of slavery was accompanied by a stirring sympathy for all human sufferers of whatever color. When *The Scarlet Letter* was published, "secret criminals of all kinds" came to Hawthorne for counsel and relief, and he made himself available to all of them.

After such knowledge, it is indeed startling to read the summation of Professor Wagenknecht's study: "Hawthorne's personality has often been regarded as enigmatic. Every man's heart is an unfathomable mystery—even sometimes to himself. But this was not notably truer of Hawthorne than of other men." The whole effort of this work, it turns out, is directed not toward understanding the baffling and disturbing inconsistencies of Hawthorne's character but toward dismissing them as nothing out of the ordinary. The fact, for example, that Hawthorne seems suddenly to have gone to pieces toward the end of his life, aging as he did with stunning swiftness and finding it impossible to complete any new writing task, is accounted for by Professor Wagenknecht as a simple matter of chronic indigestion and nosebleeds.

An enigma to his contemporaries, Hawthorne remains an enigma to us today; in the history of American literature, he is our strangest author, stranger even than Poe or Emily Dickinson. In failing to face the challenge presented by Hawthorne the man, Professor Wagenknecht has also missed a unique opportunity to illuminate Hawthorne the writer. He has accumulated memorable materials, but he has lacked the "insatiable curiosity" about them which, as Henry James once said, was the hallmark of Sainte-Beuve's greatness.

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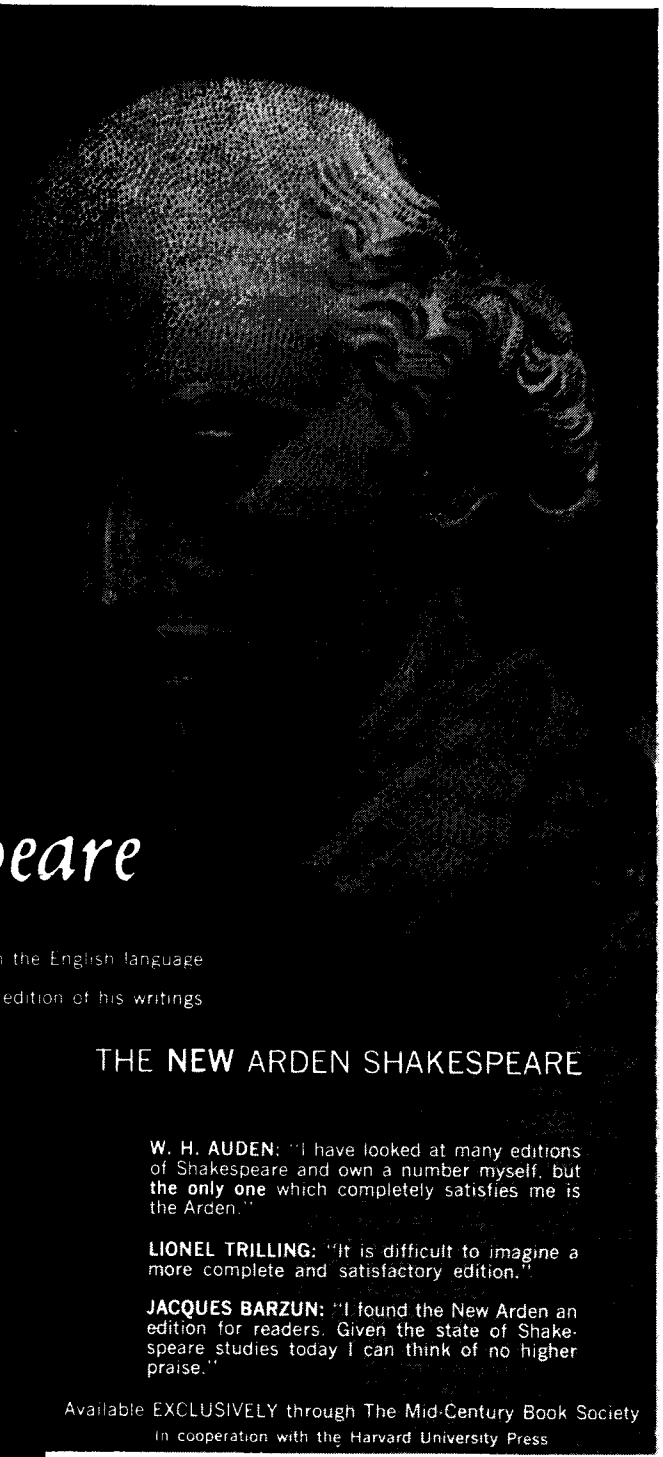

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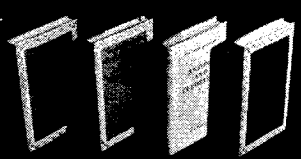

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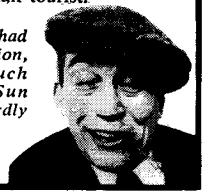

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